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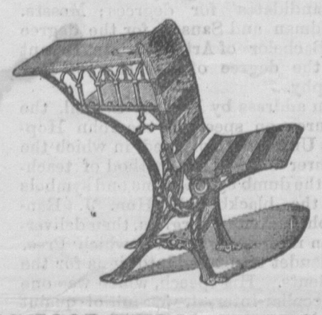
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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1880. NUMBER 20.

POETRY.

Better in the Morning.

"You can't help the baby, parson,
But still I want ye to go
Down 'an look in upon her,
An' read an' pray, you know.
Only last week she was skippin' round
A pullin' my whiskers 'n hair,
A climbin' up to the table
Into her little high chair.

"The first night that she took it
When her little cheeks grew red,
When she kissed good night to papa,
And went away to bed—
Sez she, "'Tis headache, papa,
Be better in mornin'—bye';
An' somethin' in how she said it
Jest made me want to cry.

"But the mornin' brought the fever,
And her little hands were hot,
An' the pretty red uv her little cheeks
Grew into a crimson spot.
But she laid there jest ez patient
Ez ever a woman could,
Takin' whatever we give her
Better'n a grown woman would.

"The days are terrible long an' slow,
An' she's growin' wus in each;
An' now she's jest a slippin'
Clear away out ov our reach.
Every night when I kiss her,
Tryin' hard not to cry,
She says in a way that kills me—
'Be better in mornin'—bye!'

"She can't get thro' the night, parson,
So I want ye to come an' pray,
And talk with mother a little—
You'll know jest what to say—
Not that the baby needs it,
Nor that we make any complaint
That God seems to think he's needin'
The smile ov the little saint."

I walked along with the corporal
To the door of his humble home,
To which the silent messenger
Before me had also come;
And if he had been a titled prince,
I would not have been honored more
Than I was with his heartfelt welcome
To his lowly cottage door.

Night falls again in the cottage;
They move in silence and dread
Around the room where the baby
Lies panting upon her bed.
"Does baby know papa, darling?"
And she moves her little face
With answer that shows she knows him;
But scarce a visible trace

Of her wonderful infantile beauty
Remains as it was before
The unseen, silent messenger
Had waited at the door.
"Papa—kiss—baby;—I'se—so—tired."
The man bows low his face,
And two swollen hands are lifted
In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling,
While her husky whispered tenderness
Tears from a rock would wring,
"Baby—is—so—sick—papa—
But—don't—want—you—to—cry;"
The little hands fall on the coverlet—
"Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

And night around baby is falling,
Setting down dark and dense;
Does God need their darling in heaven
That he must carry her hence?
I prayed, with tears in my voice,
As the corporal solemnly knelt
With such grief as never before
His great warm heart had felt.

Oh! frivolous men and women!
Do you know that around you, and nigh—
Alike from the humble and haughty
Goeth up evermore the cry:
"My child, my precious, my darling,
How can I let you die?"
Oh! hear ye the white lips whisper—
"Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

LEANDER S. COAN.

STORY TELLER.

The Pilot's Revenge.

It was towards night on the 21st of September, 1834, a small English war brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along the heavy, monotonous swells, just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy who had charge of them; and the captain of the brig, whose name was Dracutt, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance and, in the heat of the moment, he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. Such an insult to an English officer was past endurance, and, in punishment for the offence, the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whip was at the starboard fore-yard-arm; and all hands were called to witness the execution. The noose was slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small snatch block upon the deck. Until this moment not a word escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld this awful preparation, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

"Mercy, sir, mercy?"

"For whom?" asked the officer, while a contemptuous sneer rested upon his lips.

"For that old man whom you are about to kill."

"He dies, boy."

"But he is my father, sir."

"No matter if he was my own father; the man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty must die."

"But he was manacled—he was insulted, sir," urged the boy.

"Insulted?" repeated the captain, "who insulted him?"

"You did, sir," replied the boy, while his face was flushed with indignation.

"Get up sir, and be careful that you do not get the same treatment," said the captain in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and, as the tart words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and, while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed:

"Ask no favors, Robert; old Kirk Kintock can die as well now as at any time. Let them do their worst."

Then turning to Capt. Dracutt, he changed his tone to one of deep supplication, and said:

"Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy; for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the better."

"Lay hold of the whip," shouted the captain; "lay hold, every man of you, and stand by to run the villain up."

In obedience to this order the men ranged themselves along the deck and one laid hold of the rope. Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then he ran his eyes along the line of men who were to be his executioners.—But not one sympathizing or pitying look could he trace; their faces were all hard and cold, and they all appeared anxious to consummate their murderous work.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lid, "Is there not one even, who can pity?"

"Up with him!" shouted the captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard-arm. He heard the passing rope and the creaking block, and he knew that he was fatherless.

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt by the side of a ghastly corpse, and a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then another low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom, but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deep revenge.

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another moment the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out the deafening roar.—Robert Kintock started at the sound; and what had caused dread in others bosoms sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"Oh! revenge! revenge!" he muttered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam crested waves, which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come as quick as the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking of the sea, was the fearful craggy shore, as flash after flash of lightning illuminated the heavens.

"Light bo!" shouted a man forward, and the next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

The wind had now reach its height, and with its giant power it sent the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf bound shore, and the reefs, and every face, save one, was blanched with fear.

In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main storm stay-sail, and then the brig stood bravely up against the heaving sea. But it was evident that even should she succeed in keeping to the wind, she must eventually be driven ashore; for the power of the insetting waves was greater than that of the wind.

"Boy, do you know what that light is?" asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep his feet.

"Yes, sir" replied Robert; "it is Bullymore's Craig."

"What is that for?"

"It marks the entrance to a little harbor, sir, which lies to the back of it."

"And can it be entered by a vessel of this size? asked the captain, as a gleam of hope shot across his face.

"O, yes sir, a large ship can enter there."

"And do you know the passage?"

"Yes, sir; I have spent my whole life on this coast, and I know every turn in it."

"Can you take the brig in there in this storm?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, while a strange light shot from his eyes.

"And will you do it?" eagerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions."

"Name them quickly."

"The first is, that you will let me go in peace; and the next, that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there."

"I promise," said the captain; "and now set about your work. But, mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George I'll shoot you on the moment."

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard foreyard arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the rugged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills, as they swept past a frowning rock, which almost grazed them as they passed. Off flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which raised their heads on every side.

"Port," shouted the boy.

"Port it is."

"Starboard—quick!"

"Ay, ay, starboard it is."

"Steady it is."

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned towards him. He stood upon the extreme end of the yard, and held himself by the lift. In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap he reached a projecting rock.

"Revenge! revenge!" was all that the doomed men heard, and they were swept away in the boiling surge beyond.

"Breakers!—a reef!" screamed the man forward.

"Starboard—quick!"

But it was too late. Ere the helm was half up, a slow, tremulous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the roar of the element, and the heavy masts went swee ing away to the leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill-fated vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after shriek went up from the doomed men, but they were in the grasp of the power that knows no mercy. The Storm King took them all for his own.

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scattered along the bruised and mutilated forms of the brig's crew. Among that party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there was one he would have found. At length he stopped and stooped over one, upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulets. It was the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father! The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered:

"Father you are fearfully revenged!"

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in its conception and fearful in its consummation, had been the pilot's revenge.

THE IRON LANDGRAF.

The sun had set behind the forest-covered hills of Thuringia—the old name of the country now divided into the minor Saxon States—and though in the open country there was a glimmer of twilight and starlight, in the depths of the great oak forest it was dark—so dark that a solitary horseman, who was trying to make his way among the giant stems, reined in his horse in utter despair of finding any track.

He gazed upward for a glimpse of light between the boughs; but the thickly-woven roof of leaves let it just enough to make the blackness around him appear more dense when he looked down again.

He raised a hunting horn to his lips and blew a clear blast. It was echoed an hundredfold from the far solitude of wood and rock, but no other answer came. Still he sounded the horn lustily, as if determined not to be discouraged, and was just going to urge on his horse at hazard in the direction in which he had been going when right before him, in the distance, he saw red sparks, faint and dying out almost as soon as they appeared, as if hidden by the tree-trunks.

Eagerly he pushed forward; more and more distinct grew the showers of sparks. Soon he could hear the ring of a hammer, and at last following both sound and light, he found himself on a road which skirted the wood at the bottom of a little dell, and before him lay a solitary forge, and through the open door glowed forth, clear and strong, the furnace-light which had been his guiding star. Within, the master blacksmith with two journeymen made the sparks fly from the ringing anvil, while the apprentice worked the bellows and made the furnace pant and roar.

As the horse stopped in the red light of the forge, you could see that he was a young man, slight and fair-haired, dressed in a green hunting suit, with silver-mounted belt and bow, and sitting on his horse with easy grace in spite of his wearied air.

"Good master blacksmith," said he, as the smith observing him ceased his work and came out; "God's greeting to you!" (The customary salutation of the country, just as we should say good evening.) "Can you give a night's shelter to a weary sportsman who has lost his way in the forest, and got separated from his friends? Be sure golden thanks will not fail you on the morrow!"

The sturdy blacksmith, pulling the sleeves down over his sinewy arms, replied, "you are most welcome, Sir Knight, if you put up with our homely fare, and a bed of moss with a linen spread over it, which is all I can offer you. But whatever I have, I give right willingly; it is the custom with us that wherever a stranger halts, there he is at home, so speak not a word more of golden thanks, good sir."

Not half an hour afterwards the stranger was sitting with the blacksmith and his wife, the two journeymen, and the apprentice, at supper in the roomy cottage which stood beside the forge. Long splinters of pine wood, stuck into chinks in the wall, lighted up the party merrily, and on the oaken table were sausages and bread, cheese and milk.

The men, as is the custom, soon began to talk politics. It was the guest, I believe, who began first; he seemed to be a stranger in the Thuringian land, and asked whether the country were well governed, and if the Landgraf was much beloved among the people? This question seemed like a spark thrown among stubble.

"Well governed!" burst forth from the youngest of the journeymen. "Sir, ask in the houses of our citizens, in the huts of our peasants, you will hear nothing but complaints and sighs and groans. The nobles oppress us past endurance; they plunder our tills, our stalls and our barns—we can call nothing our own. And as to our Landgraf, if he suffers things to go on thus, if he cannot protect us from injustice and oppression, how can the people love him? The people must despise him, loth as I may be to say it."

And now one after the other followed, with many a complaint; many a tale of injustice and violence, and all joined in condemning the Landgraf as weak and soft, without strength of character or courage to hold his nobles in check. The house-wife alone put in a word in his defense.

"If the Landgraf is too soft, you are too hard on him," said she. "Remember how young he is, only 21, and since his good father's death, while he was being brought up at the Emperor's court the Counts and the Barons had it all their own way here. It mayn't be so easy now to check them. For all thy talk, thou wouldn't be the man thyself, Christopher;" she added to the younger journeyman, who was the most excited over the wrongs of his country.

The master-smith had hitherto spoken little, but seemed to be thinking all the more.

"A better time is coming," said he, now; "our Landgraf will ripen into a man at last, and then our deliverance will come. This is my firm belief; this is the hope in which I strike every blow of the hammer! But, sir Knight, you are weary," for he had noticed that the stranger had for some time taken no part in the conversation; "you want rest. Follow me, and I will show you to your couch."

So the stranger knight followed the blacksmith up a ladder to a little chamber under the thatch, where he found as had been promised, a bed of dried moss spread on the floor, with a snowy sheet over it, and a bearskin for a coverlet.

Scarcely was the young knight alone when he threw himself upon the couch burying his face in it.

"I have been deceived and betrayed then—I am hated! I, who longed for the love of my people beyond any other treasury!" And bitter tears came with the words.

Louis of Thuringia passed that night sleepless. Still the words that he had heard, "weak, childish, despised by the people," haunted him, and he moistened his pillow with tears of mortification and pain. "How can I turn the people's curses into a blessing? How can I, inexperienced as I am, escape from the net of evil counselors and power of the proud and great?"

And in his perplexity he turned to prayer. He prayed for strength and wisdom from Him to whom he must one day give an account of his government!. "Oh, for a sign now," thought he, "for something to show me what course I ought to follow."

The gray autumn was beginning to dawn, and from the forge rose a sound of the bellows. Soon the regular sound of the forge-hammer rang loud and clear and with it the sound of a manly voice, which the Landgraf recognized as the master smith's. He listened.

"Landgraf Louis, be hard—hard—hard—Landgraf Louis, be hard!"

Thus with every beat of the hammer rose the voice. And Landgraf lay and listened, and with every blow his will seemed to grow harder and harder, his resolve firmer and firmer, his courage face all difficulties higher and higher. And thus he lay and listened until the sun shone in at the window; then he arose, brimful of energy and earnest resolution—a changed man.

Mounted once more on his impatient horse, the young knight bent from his saddle to grasp the rough hand of the blacksmith, and said, as he pressed it heartily; "I may not offer you golden thanks, good mine host, for all your hospitality and kindness, but let this hearty German squeeze of the hand tell you that your benefits have been bestowed on no ungrateful guest. You do not know all you have done for me. You have welded and wrought me into iron, you have hammered me hard on your anvil, this morning."

He was gone before the blacksmith had time to consider whether it could possibly have been the Landgraf himself that he had entertained.

Before the close of that year (it was the year of grace 1150), all the estates of the land were summoned by proclamation to Eisenach, to hold there a National Council. And they assembled in great numbers, the three estates—nobles, burghers and peasants. Then the Landgraf caused it to be proclaimed by a herald, that whosoever had any grievance or complaint to make, should immediately bring it before the Council. As he sat on his throne in the midst of the assembly, there came before him first, deputies from the citizens, who complained that it was useless to gain anything by manufacture or trade, for the hard-earned fruits of their labors were taken from them by heavy and cruel exactions. And next came a poor peasant, who found courage to bring the complaints of his orders before the Prince, to tell him how they were ground down and tyrannized by their feudal lords, and treated like beasts of burden under the lash of the overseer.

His words aroused a storm among the nobles, who desired that the "dog" might be instantly hanged; but the young Landgraf rose from his throne, his eyes flashing with indignation, and said:

"You have oppressed my people long enough; a day of reckoning is come now; justice without mercy must be dealt to those who showed no mercy."

There were fierce looks among the nobles, and some laid their hands on the hilts of their swords; but the Landgraf was firm as iron now, and shrank not from his duty. He caused inquiry to be made and evidence collected diligently, and it is said—but on this point chroniclers are not agreed—that he caused all the nobles that were found guilty of extortion and cruelty to be yoked to plows, four to each, and made them plow the great field near his castle—the Neuenburg—that they, too, might taste of the cup they made others to drink. That field is called "Field of the Nobles" to this day. It is said, too, that he sent for the blacksmith and gave him a forge near his castle, that whenever he was in danger of becoming weak and yielding again, and wanted a little more hammering, he might hear his grimy be friend singing over his work, "Landgraf, be hard!" However this may be, it is certain that Landgraf Louis ruled henceforth firmly and well, in the fear of God, and he is known in history as the "Iron Landgraf."

Texas Preachers.

Texas preachers are said to be very eccentric, and their mild unnaturalness has given rise to a great many remarks and a few stories. The following narrative was told us confidentially by a slanderer:

A minister arose before a large audience, took his text and began preaching. A brisk firing of pistols began on the outside of the church.

"Brother deacon," said the minster, "I believe those fellows are casting insinuations at me. In fact, I am very nearly convinced," he continued as a piece of plastering fell from the wall close to his head.

"I think, parson, it refers to some one else," replied the deacon.

The minster raised a tumbler of water, and was in the fact of applying it to his lips, when the glass fell, shattered by a shot. "This is an innuendo no longer," said the minister, wiping the water from his vest. "This is what I term an unmistakable thrust. The congregation will please sing while I go out and investigate the matter. Is there another preacher in the house?"

"Yes," said a man, throwing down a stick which he had been whittling, arising and pulling at the waist of his pants like a man who had just straightened up after setting out a row of tobacco across a broad field.

"Got on an extra?"

"Yes."

"Unlimber."

"The whittling preacher handed over a large Remington pistol, which the insulted preacher took, and drawing one from his belt, started out. After going out there was an immediate improvement in the firing business. It was decidedly more lifelike, insomuch that the deacons sat working their fingers. After a while the minister returned, and, placing an ear and the nostril and a half of a nose on the pulpit, remarked: "He that hath ears to hear, let him behave himself." The sermon then proceeded without interruption.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The time is near at hand when the small boy will go into the strawberry patch to look for the ball that was knocked over the fence.

Balls abound. Every body has one. They are of various dimensions, and are as variously manufactured. Dead balls, red balls, white balls, balls perfect in make, and balls solidified by hashing up all kinds of refuse rags, etc.

The girls are not behind the stouter sex. They too have balls, and are as active almost as the boys in their use, though not quite as proficient. In addition they have croquet, and hoops and ropes in profusion.

We said some time ago that two members of the High Class were preparing for the National College at Washington D. C., and that one would go next fall and the other in '81. The latter has now decided to accompany the former aspirant next fall. So the "students" will have at least two recruits from New York State.

Visitors have been very numerous during the week. Among the large number who called were many distinguished gentlemen and ladies, making the week's record a very brilliant one. All who came must necessarily take a look at the class rooms, and in every instance they were entirely satisfied with their inspection, and made many flattering remarks in praise of the excellent methods here followed.

Among our visitors last week was Rev. H. W. Syle, of Philadelphia, once a popular member of our corps of teachers. He was the guest of Mr. Reaves during his stay among us, which included Sunday and Monday. On Sunday morning, he accompanied Mr. Reaves to attend the chapel exercises, and was there and then introduced to the pupils, though this was hardly necessary, for the face of the distinguished visitor, was quite familiar to the majority of those present and to the remainder he was known by name. When Mr. Reaves had concluded, Rev. Mr. Syle arose, and after replying in substance to Mr. Reave's remarks concerning him and thanking the pupils for their enthusiastic welcome, he proceeded to give them some practical suggestions concerning the right way to succeed in life, embodying them in language so plain, that combined with his eloquent and energetic mode of delivery, he held the attention of all, old as well as young. He gave the pupils some insight into his experience, as well as citing from that of others. The abundance of facts he gave, eminently practical as they were, and illustrating the truth of what he said, left an impression on the minds of his audience which if the principles instilled are rigorously followed, will ensure them future benefits. Our distinguished visitor left us on the afternoon of the following day.

Before departing he made a tour of both the Educational and Industrial Departments.

Prof. Jenkins lectured before a large audience on Saturday evening, choosing as his theme "Winter in Russia." The lecture was an intensely interesting one, and though eminently practical in its nature, was devoid of that ingredient termed "dryness" which makes the majority of lectures of like nature uninteresting, and the memory unretentive of the instruction given. To describe it fully would require more space then the customary column we sometimes manage to fill. We will see if we can't give some gleanings from his remarks, though these will convey but an imperfect idea of the lecture itself. He said that in Russia the tea consumed, differed from that we are accustomed to swallow on this side of old ocean, it being yellow in color, finer in flavor, and altogether far superior to that our market contains. The price at which it is sold also exceeds that we have to pay, for while we can get tea for one dollar, and as low as twenty-five cents per pound, the Russians pay for theirs *thirty dollars* for the same quantity. Tea parties would be scarce here if this price was asked by retailers for this savory article. He explained the mode in which the Russians prepare for a season of sport, when the cold is very severe. The popular pastime besides horse racing is "coasting," which they are very fond of, and in order to indugle in it construct artificial hills, and cover them with ice, by pouring water on them, which owing to the intense cold immediately freezes, and by increasing the quality of water any required thickness can be obtained. What a treat it would be if such a hill could be constructed somewhere near us. Smoking out in the open air is a forbidden luxury, as the intense cold would turn the moisture left on the end of a cigar into solid ice, and as no mode has been invented to enable us to *smoke ice*, cigars can only be used within doors.

The stereopticon lecture on Sunday was given by Prof. Clarke, and the subject was Scotland. Both divisions attended as this was the last Sunday evening lecture of the present term. The subject was fully treated, and admirably illustrated. The views of the picturesque and sublime scenery of the celebrated Scottish Highlands, were especially fine, and elicited much admiration. Altogether the lecture was an excellent one and the subject well selected, and reflected much credit on the Professor.

The last Friday evening lecture of the term will take place on the 7th, inst. The Stereopticon, unless other plans are in view, will then be put by until the re-opening of the school in the fall.

GOOSE QUILL.

FANWOOD, N. Y., May 6, 1880.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON. Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The National Convention.

We print in another column a letter from a prominent deaf-mute gentleman of Morgan City, La., in which he nominates four gentlemen to act as a Committee on arrangements for the coming National Convention. The gentlemen proposed are too well known to need additional mention here.

The motion needs only to be seconded and confirmed, the nominees being willing, to insure a successful meeting on the 25th of August of this year.

Mr. John T. Tillinghast's generous offer to advance a day's payment for a hall, is a fair index of the spirit manifested towards the project in the Eastern States. Mr. Tillinghast is one of the most prominent semi-mutes in his section, and any opinion which he may express is very likely to find an echo in the minds of a great many others.

We think it is time for Mr. McGregor to say something, as he is looked to as the representative of the city in which the Convention is designed to be held.

Mr. Emery has been corresponding with a gentleman in New York State in regard to this matter, and we may expect something from him, probably supplemented with a communication from his friend of the Empire State.

We suppose that the fledgeling of *The Silent People* has so large a bump of self-conceit on his head that he thinks himself competent to rebuke such a veteran in the field of usefulness as Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Mr. Abbot is, we believe, only 22 years old, and Dr. Gallaudet will be 60 in two or three years.—*Advance.* The fact of the matter is, we do not take any stock in all these one horse mud machines. There is enough to do, and enough to say, which needs doing and saying, in this world to take up all the energy and time and effort of every man who is able to handle a shovel or swing a pen. When any man, be he deaf-mute or otherwise, can find nothing else to do but to malign worthy men and belittle their efforts for good and throw mud at them at every corner, falsify their statements, and misinterpret their motives, etc., the world has no more use for them, and the sooner they leave it the better.—*Neb. Journal.*

We cordially agree with our Nebraska cotemporary in everything embodied in the above item, and can from personal knowledge assert that all that has been said about Dr. G., has emanated from a desire to gain notoriety, of whatever kind, in order to help the calumniators' own selfish ends. Without one spark of manly feeling, without even the remotest care for the welfare of their class, two men at least have endangered their hope of salavation, and at the same time made brighter the crown which awaits him who has labored so faith fully and constantly in the cause of Christian charity. However, it matters little what such may say, the right is sure to triumph in the end, and all that may be said will not harm the person it is aimed at. Last week we read an item that may have some reference to a case like this. A man sauntering through a wood saw a very little dog barking—"barking as if his throat was all the rams' horns of Jericho"—at a squirrel that was up a tree, away out of his reach. The man patted the dog's head and said as he went away:—"Carlo, keep it up. It seems to do you a heap of good, and doesn't bother the squirrel a particle. So keep it up. You can never climb the tree; you will never catch the squirrel; when he wants to come down he will come down another way, and you will not see him. He will live just as long and be just as happy with your noise as without it. It occupies your mind and it doesn't distract his. And it shows a very human trait in you, Carlo. I have known men just like you; men who spent their lives doing just what you are doing—barking at the people who are out of their reach. Keep it up, Carlo, good dog." And Dr. G.'s exemplary Christian life keeps him far beyond the reach of such despicable obloquy.

About a week ago, Dr. I. L. Peet, the Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, undertook to dispose of a well-painted landscape of Ionia Island on the Hudson, for the benefit of an artist in rather reduced circumstances. The teachers and officers were invited to contribute, and the sum of $35 was raised. The picture was afterwards, by a vote of the contributors, presented to Dr. Peet Prof. Currier, the teacher of articulation, who has a happy knack of saying very pretty things in an equally graceful manner, made the presentation speech, which was interpreted to the deaf-mutes present by Prof. F. D. Clarke, the Professor of mathematics.

Dr. Peet accepted the testimonial in a few well turned sentences, expressing thanks for the charitable spirit which had prompted the subscription and feeling manifested toward himself, regretting only that he should have been benefitted by a suggestion he had made soldy for the relief of a struggling but most deserving artist.

The *Advance*, which is in the habit of clipping a column or so weekly from the JOURNAL, complains that on looking for extracts to reprint for the benefit of its readers, it has not been able to find any. We refer our readers to our Jacksonville Letter, in which our correspondent, (who is one of the most intelligent mutes in the city from which the *Advance* hails) states that the mutes of that section are "more interested in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL than any other deaf-mute paper." We could go further, and show how our Illinois brother filled his editorial column with JOURNAL extracts. But enough has been said, and in conclusion we commend to his notice an item of Miss Angie Fuller's, with the words slightly altered to suit the case in hand, which we have just come across in the *Star:* Blessed is he, who while endeavoring to prove that a paper which he does not like is possessed of but mediocre worth, does not prove his own to be possessed of much less.

We acknowledge the receipt from Mr. R. Mathison, the Superintendent, of the Ninth Annual Report of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, situated at Belleville, Canada. The Institution has had during the term 221 pupils—132 males and 89 females. For some unknown cause thirty-six who had applied for admission did not avail themselves of the privilege of attending. In consequence of which, it is proposed to have an officer of the Institution visit them during the summer. The expenditures during the year amounted to $38,589.50, or an average of $179 48 per pupil. Encouraging mention is made of the results obtained by the Bell System of Visible Speech.

In the industrial department, good progress has been made. Shoemaking; Cabinetmaking and Carpentering are carried on, and in connection with these the report says: "We do not aim to make the shops a source of profit, and train the apprentices to turn out a large amount of work; we ask for quality rather than quantity, and are satisfied if a return is obtained for the raw material used."

Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission.

Circular Notice.

The Second Biennial Convention of the Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission is to meet at Manchester, N. H., on the 29th and 30th of May, 1880.

A large gathering of New Hampshire mutes is earnestly solicited.

Deaf-mutes out of this State wishing to attend will be gladly welcome.

An interpreter and mute preacher on Sunday will be procured.

Arrangements will be made with hotels and New Hampshire railroad companies at reduced prices.

The particulars will be sent to the JOURNAL again.

For information and inquiry, address to

VERNUM B. WEIGHT,
Committee on Arrangements.
THOMAS BROWN,
Chairman G. S. D. M. M.
WEST HENNEKER, N. H., May 8, 1880.

NOTICE.

Deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity are invited to visit the Academy of Design, corner of 4th Avenue and 23d St., on Monday evening, the 17th inst., at 8 o'clock.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. John C. Acker, of Rochester, N. Y., is a first-class typo, so report says.

Wonder where the Empire State Association Re-Union will be held next year.

Miss Hattie Wilson leaves Hartford for her home in Easton, Conn., for a three or four weeks visit.

Mr. F. R. Stryker has been appointed assistant-foreman at the New York Institution printing office.

Mrs. J. A. C. Averill, of Bradford, Conn., has been ill with chills but is now recovering her usual good health.

Mr. Isaac Kaufmann, who came to New York from Chicago lately, is working in a cigar-factory in New York City.

The Rev. T. B. Berry has removed from Omro, Wis., to Sioux Falls, Dakota, where he has assumed charge of a parish.

We saw a photo of our friend, Nye Brown, last week, and were much pleased with it. We wonder why he did not send us one.

Rev. A. W. Mann baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, at St. James' Church, Chicago, Illinois, on Sunday afternoon, May 2d.

The boys of the New York Institution have just finished printing the Annual Report, a large octavo pamphlet of over one hundred and twenty pages.

Mr. John D. Zeigler, of Philadelphia, has moved from 535 North 11th street to 1921 Wamock street. He is much pleased with his new home.

The old chums of Mr. Frank Crorken, who left the New York Inst. last June, would be pleased to hear how he is getting along in his new home at Kingston.

Mr. F. C. Davis and wife called at the JOURNAL office on Tuesday last. Unfortunately, we were absent at the time and did not have the pleasure of seeing them.

Several mutes whose places of business are situated near the City Hall in New York, are in the habit of meeting and conversing between 12 and 1 o'clock each day.

The Philadelphia School will close on the last Wednesday of June. All the pupils are anxious to return home, and spend the vacation with their parents and friends.

Miss Emma Robinson, of Bridgeport, O., will spend the summer with Maggie Redington on a farm near North Amherst, Ohio. She will return to Bridgeport in the fall.

The Star B. B. C., of the New York Institution, defeated the Washington B. B. C. of the same Inst., by a score of 35 to 20 on Friday the 7th, and has sent a challenge to the 3d Pastime of the Manhattan College.

Messrs. Hallicy and Howell, two of the supervisors of the New York Institution, are members of the Resolute Boat Club, and will probably pull in the eight oared race at the regatta which takes place in Philadelphia during the coming summer.

Prof. James Logan, the acting principal of the Turtle Creek Mute School, is expected to come to Philadelphia, where he will pay the Pennsylvania Institution a visit on the 20th of May. We hope that we will receive a jovial visit from him indeed.

What has become of the so called district school for deaf-mutes, (the result of a fancied mind) since the Ohio Legislature adjourned? The question is whether the proposition was crushed or the branch asylum for Cincinnati was killed. "Columbus" will please do us a favor by informing us what he knows about these questions.

Miss A. M. S., of New Haven, wants to know why N. E. L., of Stamford, has not answered her letter. She hopes soon to hear from her. She enjoyed herself very much at the Christmas tree party in Bridgeport. She wishes to inform N. E. L. that she has moved with her folks to their own house, 179 George street. Will N. E. L. please send her address?

Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, Nineteenth and Walnut streets, was filled by a fashionable assemblage on Wednesday last to witness the marriage of Miss Clara Belle Parry, daughter of Charles T. Parry, of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, to Mr. Douglass Hilger. A beautiful wedding march was performed on the organ as the six ushers, D. M. Barringer, Gustave Kolbe, William M. Garden, D. W. Moore, C. W. Kohlsaat and W. A. Parry, march up the centre aisles in couples, followed by six bridesmaids in white silk dresses and overdresses of white tarletan. Each bridesmaid wore a long veil attached to the hair with pearls, and each carried a large boquet of jacque-minot and Marshall Neil roses. Behind came the groom accompanied by his best man. Next came the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father. She was becomingly dressed in a rich toilet of white satin, with an overdress of the same meterial brocaded. A long veil profusely decorated with orange blossoms, drooped over her shoulders, and pearl and diamond jewelry completed her attire. Rev. W. Neilson McVickar performed the ceremony, after which the bridal party filed out of the church to Wagner's "Bridal March." A formal reception was given in the evening at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 1921 Arch street, and later the newly married couple left on a wedding trip.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The work in the audiphone class progresses; a steady improvement in the hearing of the pupils can be noticed. They seem to be *learning* to hear. The fact that deaf persons must *learn* to hear is lost sight of, to a great extent, in work with the audiphone. Even a person who is hard of hearing must learn to hear with it. The sound which is conveyed to the auditory nerve through the medium of the teeth is not the same kind of sound which the brain recognizes through the outer ear; but is different, and though different is still accurate.

The reader can demonstrate this in five minutes, by placing his hands over his ears to keep out the sound from the outer ear; then placing his watch on the end of a table or board, then by placing his teeth firmly against the other end of the same article, the ticking of the watch will be easily heard. It will not be quite the same sound, but it will still be a clear and distinct tick. To succeed with the instrument, the teacher must have faith in it, he must have unbounded patience, and energy; he must be satisfied with slow progress and small results. He must consider the magnitude of the task before him. He must have a full appreciation as to the condition of the deaf-mute's mind as regards sound. Then let him work hard in faith, by sight, and by hearing, and his chances are pretty good for success. Skepticism has no place in this age, in scientific matters or in inventions. When the Atlantic cable and telephone are facts, there is no use in saying *impossible* to anything.—*Neb. Journal.*

Don't fail to attend the lecture of Mr. George Farley at the M. L. A., on the 20th of May. Come one, Come all. Bring your wives and sweethearts.

Jacob Reibentaz, who left the New York Institution some years ago, has a good situation of making tin toys in Brooklyn. He works steady and gets $5 a week.

The health of the pupils at the Mississippi Deaf and Dumb Institution continues good. Miss Mattie Brown, a semi-mute pupil, left school last week on account of sickness.

Last Saturday, Alex. Dezendorf, of the American Athletic Club, was defeated in a one mile walk at the Elizabeth (N. J.) Athletic grounds. He did not meet any deaf-mutes at the grounds.

We are indebted to Mr. Alden F. Osgood for copies of the *Citizen* and *Bulletin* of Natick, Mass. The papers are both fine specimens of journalistic ability as well as mechanical execution.

Mr. Robert Stevenson, a former student of the National Deaf-Mute College, secured a good situation as shipping-clerk in a wholesale paint-house in Cleveland immediately after his arrival.

Mr. Frank W. Bigelow, of Johnsonburg, Vt., would like to know if Mr. Galena H. Atkins received a letter from him about two months ago. Will he please inform Mr. Bigelow by postal card?

Mr. Henry Buhls appeared among his friends Sunday evening, looking as if his head had come in collision with a horse clipper. He is employed in the Dyeing Works of Siegel, of Houston street, New York City.

The American Athletic Club of New York will have annual spring games on the 12th of June next, and it is expected that some champion mute athletes, including M McFaul and Alex. Dezendorf, will enter the games.

Last Saturday morning, Mr Charles B. Vetterlein, who is a local professional base ball player, was visited by Messrs. C. S. Doane, and C. D. Newton, who are organizing a strong nine for a western tour next summer.

Last week, a mute lady of Greenpoint, 24 years old, asked a young mute of 17 years to marry her, because her parents treated her so cruelly. The young man's mother heard of the intended marriage of her son, and prevented the match.

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlap, died on Saturday last. The funeral took place from their residence in Jersey City on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap have the sympathy of all their deaf-mute friends.

The 44th street Institution was honored with a visit last week from the President of the "M. L. A." accompanied by Mr. F. B. Thompson, of Orange Co., N. J. The President is a graduate of this Inst., and Mr. Thompson, of Dr. Peet's Institution.

Sallie B. has returned, and says "'em' college boys hear so seldom from ladies that when they do, they lose their senses, and think it impossible for ladies to write letters. When they hear from her again, they will know better, won't they, "H."?

Rambler has declared his love for one of Brooklyn's pretty mutes. The following lines written by himself were found in her album.

"Sweet the lass that reads this line,
Would that lass all were mine."

Whoa! Emma.

In a certain Institution for Deaf-Mutes, while the pupils of the class in history were pursuing the History of England, they came to the passage "their anointed Sovereign." The teacher asked what "anointed" meant? the correct answer was given, but one of the class who wanted to have some fun, pretended not to know the real meaning of the word; said, Oh! I know what it means; when we go to a barbers to have our hair cut, he puts oil on our heads, and then we are anointed.

Mr. Fred Hoffman celebrated his 21st birthday on the 5th inst. He gave a party which a number of his friends attended. Among those present, were Mr. and Mrs. John Heinzman, Miss Hannah Pospesil, Miss Ada Rezzain, and Messrs. Conzelman, Klingman, Fr. y, Pospesil and Ekartd. A number of valuable presents were given to him. He is still working in the Paper Box Factory of F. Reichert & Co, which place he has held for the past seven years.

One night last week. Mr. John Partington accompanied by Mr. Moses arrived at the latter's boss's store from their pleasure trip to some of the cities of New Jersey. Mr. Partington discovered a fire in the store. He immediately shouted, and a policeman who passed the store heard a noise and found the meter was on fire. The building would have been burned to ashes without the mute's discovery. Mr. Partington may get a reward.

On Saturday morning of last week, at about 9 o'clock, an uneducated deaf-muteman by the name of Patterson appearently about 60 years old, who has lived many years upon the Amos Chase farm on the Ferry road three and a half miles from Saco., Me., in coming from Factory Island, stepped upon the Boston & Maine railroad track, and was walking along the track towards the round house, not perceiving the train which was coming behind him fast enough to tear him in pieces if it had struck him. The train was within a few feet of him when a young boy saw his danger, ran to him and knocked him from the track, both of them falling just outside. He had a very narrow escape from death.

An item respecting Miss L. K. Thompson appeared first in the New York MUTES' JOURNAL and is now being copied into various deaf-mute papers. As, fungus-like, it seems to grow as it rolls, we will recur to the original facts by saying that Miss Thompson, a graduate of the Lake Erie Female Seminary, at Painesville, O., accepted a situation as teacher here in 1866. If it is insisted upon as a qualification to be a teacher, it can also be said that, like many other ladies dependent upon themselves for support, she did at one time fill for a few months, the position of "attendant in the Cleveland Hospital for Insane." The qualification of "having been a seamstress in a Blind Asylum" has grown up since, and was unknown until our exchanges began to come in. She has a mute sister, and is the senior lady teacher here.—*Chronicle.*

A Mississippi correspondent writes: "Mr. Moran lives about three miles from Pearlington, Miss. He is a sailor and a woodcutter. He is the tallest man in his county. He came back to Jackson two weeks ago and attends school, and wishes to study arithmetic, and write well. He said he saw a poor country man who was riding a horse, while Mr. Moran was riding his horse. He saw a pocketbook on the ground and picked it up. On examining it, he found it contained $50. Thinking the countryman who had just preceded him must have lost it, he rode fast and signed to him "You have lost your money." The man understood his signs, and put his hands in all his pockets to look for the pocketbook, and said he certainly had lost his pocketbook, whereupon Mr. Moran handed it to him. The man was very glad and thanked him. He asked him how much he would pay him for finding it. Mr. Moran said he did not want any money. He is honest. Who can beat him?

Alex J. Arnold has returned to Mill Hollow, Pa.

Mr. Moran has 14 cousins and 1 brother, all deaf and dumb, who live near his home in Hancock Co., Miss.

Alex. Dezendorf has not heard from Charles Lawton of Great Valley, N. Y., yet. He hopes he will answer through the JOURNAL.

Alex. Dezendorf, the Brooklyn mute pedesterian, is employed as a clerk in his father's office in New York City. His father is a tobacco broker.

Livingstone and Africa.

It is something to be a missionary. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, when they first saw the field which the first missionary was to fill. The great and terrible God, before whom angels veil their face, had an only Son, and he was sent to the habitable parts of the earth as a missionary physician. It is something to be a follower, however feeble, in the work of the Great Teacher, the only *Model* missionary, that ever appeared among men, and now that he is head over all things, King of kings and Lord of lords, what commission is equal to that which the missionary holds for him? But what mean this lugubrious wail that too often burst from the circle of his friends? The tears shed might be excused if he were going to the *Isle of Man* at the government's expense. But sometimes the missionary note is pitched on the same key. The white cliffs of Dover become immensely dear to those who never cared for masses of chalk before. Pathetic plaints are penned about laying their bones on a foreign shore by those who never cared of making aught of their bones at home. (Bone dust is dear nowhere we think). And then there is a never ending talk and wringing of hands over his or her going to be a missionary. The man is going to be hanged instead of going to serve his master. Is this such service as he deserves? He who though rich for our sakes become poor, He who became a missionary and gave His life for us? But we will not go on in this strain or you will think we are talking about "sacrifices" not of "Livingstone and Africa." A few years since Africa could not boast of even one missionary station. The heroic Livingstone and others have brought to light fertile, populous and well watered table lands hitherto unexplored. Missionaries suffering with malarial poison, trying to build churches upon a coast flooded with the liquid fire of a foreign rum trade, look wistfully inland. Christians who watched the marvelous growth of commerce wish to send Bibles to the hands that have gathered and prepared ivory, coffee, indigo, india rubber, beeswax and other things which we receive from Africa. In 1876, the English Church missionary society, which previously had a mission on the coast of Zanzibar began a new mission on the Victoria Nyanza. (This lake covers an area equal to that of the State of New York.) The London mission society has selected the region of Lake Tanganyka, On Lake Nyassa, the free church of Scotland commenced the Livingstonian Mission in 1872, and the Established Church, another at Blantyre not far distant. The Livingstone inland Mission has two stations near the mouth of the Congo. In Africa the women are very ignorant and superstitious; in the churches they are permitted to occupy only a dark latticed appartment. (How fortunate it is that they have no silks, laces, and feathers a foot long, for woman-like they would like to take a front pew and show them off). In South Africa, polygamy prevails and woman is "the animal of all work." When a headman dies the wives are divided among the heirs, and any one refusing to go to her new master is starved into submission. They sometimes carry through life marks of hot irons, because they rebelled when sold to some one noted for cruelty and ill-temper. In the interior some of them appear to enjoy a fair degree of personal liberty; but millions on millions of this dusky race are slaves of savages and cannibals. A missionary once said, "What would you say mothers, to have your daughters in the condition of young women in Africa exposed to the hellish cruelties, and soul and body polluting influence of heathenism?" In some of the African schools, you might see a girl with eight spear marks on her person, another who was united from the back of her dead mother in the waters, another who had fled from the den of a poligamist whose tribe mark was an amputated finger, and another whose relatives once burned her clothes and intoxicated her to keep her away from the missionaries. Livingstone says they knew nothing of a Deity; that they prayed to their mothers when distressed or dying, nor had they any religion except a belief in medicine. The following incident taken from his journal deals with their firm belief in a future state, which enters so largely into the minds of all Africans, and for which for lack of guidance assumes all the distorted growths of superstition: "Six men slaves were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them, some of the words I had to inquire about for instance the meaning of the word—to haunt and kill by spirit power—this it was, '*Oh! you sent* me off to Manga (sea coast) but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you, then all joined in the chorus, with the name of each vender. It told not of fun but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed and on the side of the oppressors there was *a power that be* higher than they." Further on Livingtone says: "The strangest disease I have seen in this country seems really to be *a broken heart*. It attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves, when asked what ailed them, they ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot. The sufferings endured by those unfortunate captives must have been terrible indeed. Many died because it was impossible to carry a heavy burden on the head, while marching in the heavy yoke which weighs from thirty to forty pounds as a rule. Children for a time, would keep up with wonderful endurance, but it sometimes happened that the sound of dancing and the merry tinkling of the small drums would fall on their ears in passing a small village; then the memory of home and happy days proved too much for them. They cried and sobbed; the 'broken heart' came on and they rapidly sank." The Africans all beckon with the hand to call a person in a different way from what Europeans do. The hand is held as surgeons say, *prone* or *palm down*, while we beckon with the hand held supine or palm up; it is quite natural in them, for the idea in their mind is to lay the hand on the person and draw him towards them. If the person wished for is near, say forty yards off, the beckoner puts out his right hand on a level with his breast, and makes the motion of catching the other by shutting the fingers and drawing him to himself. If the person is farther off this motion is exaggerated by lifting up the right hand as high as he can. He brings it down with a sweep toward the ground, the hand being still prone as before. In nodding assent they differ from us by lifting up the chin instead of bringing it down as we do. This lifting up of the chin looks natural after a short usage therewith, and is perhaps, purely conventional, not natural as the others seem to be.

Can we wonder now that Livingstone was so anxious to help this country and its poor degraded people. Can we wonder at his indefatigable energy? Can we wonder then that he was faithful to the last? The following is a graphic description of his death bed scene. "He had not merely turned himself, he had risen to pray; he still rested on his knees. his hands were clasped under his head; when they approached him, he seemed to live, he had not fallen to right or left, when he rendered up his spirit to the God who gave it. Death required no change of limit or position; there was meraly the gentle sitting forward of the frame unstrung by pain for the Travellers perfect rest had come." Will not time show that the men were scarcely wrong when they thought "he yet speaketh"—Ay, perhaps far more clearly than he could have done by word, or tongue, or pen, or any other means. Is it, then, presumption to think that the long used, fervent prayer of the wandcrer sped forth once more—that constant supplication become more perfect in weakness and that from his loneliness *David Livingstone;* with a dying effort yet again besought Him for whom he labored to break from the oppression and woe of the land. In his last letter or rather the last entry in his Journal he says, "All I can add in my loneliness is May heaven's richest blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who helps to heal the open sore of the world—Africa.

MIGNON.

Exercises of Presentation Day at the National Deaf-Mute College.

The flags waving tirumphantly over the turrets of the college on the morning of the 5th instant, betokened that some event of unusual importance was to occur during the day. Such was the case, for in the afternoon was to be celebrated the Sixteenth anniversary of the college, and the interesting exercises of the class of 1880.

There being no recitations for the day, the students were at leisure to enjoy the beautiful weather, with which we were favored, and spent their time in various pursuits till dinner hour. Upon the conclusion of that meal, the toilet received considerable attention and our college colors, "buff and blue," were placed in a discernible position.

As early as two o'clock, the invited guests began to arrive, and for an hour a continuous stream of carriages lined the way from the gate to the main entrance. Here each vehicle laid down its precious load of fashionable beauty and made way for others.

A view of the chapel at a few moments before three o'clock well repaid the trouble experienced in allowing for standing room. Upon the center wall above the spacious platform, hung an excellent portrait of the philanthropic Amos Kendall, appearing to smile his approval upon the large and fashionable audience, while on either side stood busts of those eminent pioneers in deaf-mute education, the Abbe Sicard and De l'Epee. Upon the right of the platform was placed a large table loaded down with baskets and boquets of flowers, the gifts of their friends to the graduating class. The beautiful panelled ceiling of light and dark colored wood, with the massive brackets, cornices and panel mouldings, relieved by the delicate tints of the walls, and the numerous and various colors of the habiliments of the ladies present, made a beautiful and captivating picture. The atmosphere also was cool, and was filled with the sweet fragrance emanating from the boquet table.

As the hour of three drew nigh, expectation heightened, and at length patience was rewarded by the appearance of the Marshal of the day leading the procession of dignitaries to the platform. First came President Hayes, arm in arm with President Gallaudet, and after them in order followed: Senators Bayard and Dowes, Representatives Harris and Clafflin, James McGuire and Dr. Sunderland, Hon. Wm. Stickney and Hon. J. R. Tucker, directors; chief Justice Waite and Dr. Marshall, Rev. Messrs. Greene and Paxton, W. W. Corcoran and Prof. A. G. Bell, and the Professors of the college.

Having taken their places on the platform, a short intermission followed succeeding which the exercises opened with an invocation by Rev. Samuel H. Greene. After prayer, Mr. James Irvin Sansom, of Penn., was introduced as the first speaker, and delivered an oration on "The Elizabethian Age of English Literature." His address, which he delivered in signs, was read orally by Prof. Chickering. It was an exceedingly original oration, and showed a clear and comprehensive familiarity with the subject. Mr. Arthur D. Eryant, of the District of Columbia, delivered a dissertation on "Benjamin West" in signs, which was also interpreted orally by Prof. Chickering. Mr. Bryant, who has an excellent reputation as an artist, showed careful study and knowledge of his theme. Following this, Shakespeare's "All the world's a stage" was recited by Mr. R. M. Zeigler, '82, his pantomime being so expressive that the vast assembly was kept in a continuous roar of delight. This finished the first part of the programme, and upon the conclusion of a five minutes' intermission, Mr. Lester Goodman, of Illinois, delivered a masterly oration on "Man in his threefold nature." Mr. Goodman needed no interpreter, his oration being delivered orally, and although the enunciation was imperfect in some instances, he, as well as the other speakers, were the recipients of a deluge of boquets from their admiring friends of the gentler sex. The orations being concluded, the graduating class were presented by Dr. Gallaudet as candidates for degrees; Messrs. Goodman and Sansom for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and Mr. Bryant for the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy.

An address by Prof. A. G. Bell, the lecturer on speech in the John Hopkins University, followed, in which the lecturer showed his method of teaching the dumb by diagrams and symbols on the blackboard. Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, then delivered an interesting address which Pres. Gallaudet translated into signs for the students. His speech, which was one of peculiar interest, was full of quaint and humorous sayings which kept the audience in excellent spirits. After this Pres. Gallaudet came forward and announced that the directors and faculty had decided to confer honorary degrees as follows: Master of Arts on Edmund Booth, of Iowa, editor of the Anamosa *Eureka*; Doctor of Philosophy on Alexander Graham Bell, Lecturer on Speech in the John Hopkins University. Prof. Bell received the congratulations of many of his friends present. Dr. Marshall and the audience, leaving the chapel, went to view the college buildings, the rooms of the students, and the library, laboratory, lyceum and museum being thrown open to inspection. In the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet held a reception which was well attended.

The reception Committee on the occasion were: A. H. Schory, Marshal, and Messrs. R. H. Long, J. P. Kelly, I. N. Hammer and F. W. Shaw, of the class '81, and G. L. Dougherty and R. M. Zeigler of the class '82. Much praise is due these gentlemen for the courteous manner in which they performed the arduous duties of their office.

The class of '80 has had its day and showed its abilities, may its members throughout the remainder of their lives be as successful as they have been in their college course.

LESTER MONTROSE.
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1880.

APPOINTMENTS OF REV. DR. GALLAUDET AND REV. A. W. MANN.

Cleveland, O.,	May	30th.
Elyria, O.,	"	31st.
Cleveland, "	June	1st.
Flint, Mich.,	"	3d.
Pontiac, "	"	4th.
Detroit, "	"	6th.
Monroe, "	"	7th.
Windsor, Canada, (probable)	"	8th.
Detroit, Mich., Diocesen Convention	"	9th.
Kalamazoo, Mich.,	"	10th.
Fairbault, Minn.,	"	13th.
" "	"	14th.
Sioux Falls, Dakota,	15th to	18th.
St. Paul, Minn.,	"	20th.
Minneapolis, Minn.,	"	21st.
Red Wing, "	"	22d.
La Crosse, Wis.,	"	23d.
Milwaukee, "	"	24th.
Racine, "	"	25th.
Chicago, Ill.,	"	27th.

Deaf-Mutes are requested to give the above notices a wide circulation and bring their hearing and speaking friends and relatives with them to the services.

REV. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cave Spring, Ga.,	May	5th.
Atlanta Ga.,	"	9th.
Athens, Ga.,	"	11th.
Spartansburg, S. C.,	"	13th.
Raleigh, N. C.,	"	16th.
Petersburgh, Va., (Council)	"	19th.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

Put Yourself in His Place.

Hieronyma.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

Mike.

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

Hieronyma.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with odious Miss M'Lavish,
If I were you!

Mike.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer,
Whiff of the best, the mildest "honey-dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

Hieronyma.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review."

Mike.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

Hieronyma.

Really! You would? Why, Mike, you're quite delightful—
Hot as "Othello," and as black of hue.
Borrow my fan. I would not look so frightful,
If I were you!

Mike.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

Hieronyma.

Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir.
Where shall it be? To China or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers no address, sir,
If I were you.

Mike.

No—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you.

Hieronyma.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted—

Mike.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue—

Hieronyma.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted?

Mike.

I should admit that I was piqued too.

Hieronyma.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

—[Waltz—Exeunt.]

"COLUMPUS."

PISCATORIAL—BASE BALL ACCIDENT, AND OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The boys of the 2d Academic class, accompanied by their teacher, Mr. Robert Patterson, went on a piscatory jaunt last Saturday afternoon. The beautiful and romantic (?) stream, Alum Creek, whose waters rage about a mile and a half east of the institution, was the objective point of the would be fishermen. Arriving there they commenced operations, and patiently awaited results. Their success was not of the kind desired, as the finny tribe seemed reluctant to take the bait thrown it on this occasion. When the boys came to count their piscatelpture, it amounted to one large and three small fishes. Their haul was just about sufficient to give each a small taste when dished up, The boys were really disappointed. They had counted on a big pull to supply each of them with enough brain food to last the rest of the school term. About five o'clock, finding that their efforts to gobble up the finny tribe was only love's labor lost, the boys drew in their lines, gathered up the four fishes that had fallen victims to their hooks, and wended their way to the residence of their teacher. This they reached an hour later, footsore and weary. Here, after ridding themselves of mud and dust, and getting a good rest from their heavy (?) toil they were invited to a big spread of good things the inner man craves for. We were not there to see 'em make way with what was set before them, but from what has leaked out, we are bound to say they were more successful in this enterprise than that of angling.

A portion of the boys from one of the other classes, with their teacher, were also out angling the same afternoon. As to their success, modesty forbids mentioning of it.

While one of the pupils was in the act of striking a ball the other day, the club which he was using, broke, and one of the pieces flew and struck John Mullen on the mouth, knocking out five of his teeth. Probably he will not have a high opinion of base ball hereafter.

The mute population of Columbus will be increased by one Charles Day, a former pupil of the Illinois Institution, and still later of the Chicago Deaf-Mute day schools, arrived in this city Thursday morning with his mother. His father is still in Chicago, but will come east as soon as he disposes of his business affairs, with a view of making this city his future residence.

Some of the lady teachers of the institution have purchased an archery set, and have formed themselves into a club. During the evenings, on the west side of the grounds, arrows may be seen falling thick and fast—harmlessly however. A little practice on their part may soon make them as good marksmen as Sitting Bull and his band.

The grounds of the institution, where needed, are being sodded and otherwise improved, to render more attractive.

Study hours of evenings now commence at 7:30.

Oh! for an iceberg to keep cool. It is said the mercury here indicated 90 degrees in the shade to-day.

The annual picnic and the show seem to be the uppermost topics just now among the pupils. The former will probably come off the latter of this or the first of next month. As to the show—Cole's is to exhibit in this city next week, but the powers that be have not as yet hinted whether we will have an opportunity to attend or not.

The graduating members, the boys in particular, are just now agitating among themselves as to what kind of clothes they would look best at their oratorical *debuts* in June next. They might learn wisdom upon reading and following the advice set forth in an article upon the subject, by Supt. Gillet, of the Illinois Institution.

From information received, the Cincinnati deaf-mute picnic, to be given upon one of the hilltop resorts in that city, upon Monday, July 12th, 1880, promises to eclipse any similar affairs heretofore given. Over six hundred tickets have already been sold.

COLUMBUS.

May 7, 1880.

Jacksonville Items.

The weather is very pleasant.

Boys are practising base ball early and late.

Cherries and strawberries will be ripe in a few days.

Roads near the Institution are passible once more.

There is a nameless charm in the sunshine of May.

Thomas Lynch is the biggest player of the Alaskas.

Miss Berry, our matron, is not very thin. She weighs 180 pounds.

The boys are much troubled with fireflies and insects during their study hours.

The Silentium Society adjourned last Friday night, until next fall.

Miss Trask, teacher of the articulation class, has been ill for a few days, but is now recovering.

The gossip that is going the rounds among the girls is all confined to the picnic, which takes place on the fairgrounds in June.

O. W. Green says that a deaf-mute painter, named William Miller, is working at his trade in Mattoon, Ill.

We are more interested in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL than in any other deaf-mute paper. It is one of the best papers for the mutes.

We fear there will be another scarcity of water next fall.

C. K. Ladd, a step-brother of Dennie Wicktom, of the senior class, was in Chicago two Sundays ago.

One of the boys, who is a lucky fellow, went out coon hunting last Saturday, and killed two raccoons.

Miss Morse, one of our teachers, paid a visit to Chicago last week, and her sister took her place while she was absent.

A heavy rain visited this vicinity Sunday, April 24th. It rained all night, and a very large quantity of water fell.

Dr. Gillett left for the East last week. He will not return home for a month. Mr. Hines, clerk of the Institution, acts as deputy for him.

Mr. Waddell, the carpenter, had his finger badly cut a short time ago, and has been confined to his home for several days.

There was a fire in Jacksonville on the night of the 29th in which a number of stores and a great amount of goods were destroyed.

Mr. Michael Rafferty, an Ohio mute tramp, visited this Institution, a short time ago. He left about two weeks ago and we don't know where he has gone.

Mr. George, the editor of the *Letter*, with his wife, visited this Institution on April 28th; they went home on Friday night. They are a very happy couple.

Miss Lelia Muldron, of the Junior class, went home to visit her folks and returned here last Monday. The Juniors often called her "A visitor," because she is so often absent from school.

Rev. Mr. Fletcher and wife made us another visit during the past week. He gave a short lecture on Switzerland to which the pupils gave much attention to.

A few days since Mr. B. W. Leitch, of Mattoon, a cousin to Charles Leitch, a pupil here, while hunting took aim and fired at some ducks. The gun kicked beautifully, and Ben came home with a demolished nose, but no game.

Last Saturday a game of base ball, between the Athletics and Mutuals, both of this Institution, was played. The ladies were present and paid close attention to the game. The Athletics won by 27 to 3. The Athletics have won 9 games and lost no games this year.

May 6, 1880. BASSIE.

The National Convention.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Through your paper I notice with pleasure the revival of the preparation to hold a National Convention at Cincinnati, and do hope it will prove a success. The talk about it would not have been thought out of question if these Syracuse sore heads had not played a dirty trick on those who have worked to get Cincinnati elected. Let us work with a will to secure its success. I suggest the appointment of Prof. Emery, Messrs. McGregor, C. S. Newell and Geo. Holmes for a Committee to fix arrangements to obtain a place or hall in Cincinnati, and every mute who intends going there send one dollar with his full name and address. Leave blowing all the time, and narrow minded jealousies alone. Let us do our best for the success of the Convention.

R. B. L.

MORGAN CITY, LA., May 13, '80.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The Kendalls were defeated on May 4th by the Alerts of Georgetown College. Score 31 to 7.

Marshall Schory and his assistants on the reception committee looked "grand" on Presentation Day.

For the benefit of Mr. M. J. Kendrick's former classmates, we will state that that gentleman is at present a student at this college.

The class of '80 like its predecessor of '79 is composed of three members.

"We, Us & Co." need have no fear. Our nose is too upturned, and in general we are too ugly to be the recipient of a proposal from "Deaf and Dumb Girl."

President and Mrs. Gallaudet recently paid a short visit to Fortress Monroe.

The rooms of the Seniors have become miniature flower gardens; spoils of Presentation Day.

As spring advances, deaf-mute poetry seems to be cropping out arlarmingly.

Mr. Collins, '85, is suffering with a violent fever. Condition not very dangerous.

How is it, "We, Us & Co.," that you take "Mignon" for a he? *She is a she*, and we think her name opens with——or something like that. We expect to get to the end of it before long.

The exercises of the Literary Society, on the evening of May 7th, consisted of the following programme:— Essay; "Common Sense," by J. W. Leib; Debate. "Does *moral* power or *money* power exercise the greatest influence when brought to bear upon the human mind? Aff.—Messrs. Shaw and Morrow. Neg.—Messrs. Larson and Nelson. Negative, successful. Declamation, "Carl Shurz," Mr. Trundle; Dialogue, "Evils of Intemperance," Messrs. Palmer and Drake.

LESTER MONTROSE.

May 7th, 1880.

INDIANA NOTES.

Sorry, sorry we could not accept "Rambling Soph's" dainty invite to Commencement, it would have given us more pleasure than tongue could tell. He will please accept our lasting thank yous.

The graduating class consists of only four young ladies, this year:—Emma Macy, Jennie Patten and Maggie Carson. Woman's rights, ahem! We guess Phil and Field knew all about it or they wouldn't have left the class on a short metre.

Now that Presentation Day is over and done with at Kendall Green, we shall expect to hear from the dear boys once again.

La petite Ida Kinsley is to give us "The Coming of Summer" on Commencement Day. Want to come?

We were all very much surprised to hear that Harry White had left College for good (?) and woman-like we are all ears and eyes to know the full particulars.

"He that getteth himself honey, though a clown, he shall have flies."
In the end God grinds the miller. In the dark the mole has eyes.

"The sweet girl graduates" beg leave for us to state that the students at the degree factory can come and welcome. The exercises take place on Wednesday, June 23d, 10 A. M. "Make no delay, make no delay."

There is one young lady here who can make splendid brown bread, sweep a room, make her own dresses, and dance the "Newport." Stand back, gentlemen, one at a time if you please!!

Somebody now sings from morn till eve'n:—

"O I have such a happy secret, I can never, never tell.
Save to the birds and breezes in the sunny, leafy, dell;
Sometimes in the tender gloaming merry song and laugh I hear,
And I steal away so softly, to indulge a happy tear.

Can there be bright angels round me, for so joyous do I seem,
That I think they fondly linger in some sweet and happy dream.
Ah! when they question I am silent, but at eve in thanks I bow,
I can only tell them gently I am happy, happy now."

Don't we wish it was us, but it always was our luck to be unlucky; with us it is and was and will be thusly.

"O happiness how far we flee,
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee."

Our budget of notes is exhausted, so bye bye, until next week.

MIGNON.

"WHITE STREAM BY CASTLE OLD."

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The measles left us just as spring composition time came around and the girls of the Y. L. L. Society were prepared to receive them. They took great care to see that their glasses did not conceal the slightest sign that fortells measles, but in vain, not one victim was found among them. Too bad; wasn't it? But who wanted them when compositions were all over with and croquet out.

Croquet is now in its glory. A party of players have adopted the name of "half an hour on the play ground," but some insist on calling them c(r)oquettes; who can tell which is right?

Spring dresses made their appearance with croquet, and suits termed croquet suits are made of soft plaid cheviot, some trimmed with white lace from an inch and a half to two inches deep; others with several rows of narrow white braid stitched over bias bands of cheviot. The basques or polonaise is cut away in front so as to be worn in warmer weather with white vests and large leafed hats. This dresses are very neat and pretty and give a lively appearance to the lawn and a very attractive look to the wearer.

A game of croquet we are told is to come off soon between three young ladies and the same number of gentlemen. We know who the belles are, but who is "the coming man?" If it is "B. W." we hope to hear his opinion on the ladies' sewing.

A few days ago, Mr. Rhodes, the audiphone man, made us another short call. Glad to see him. We like a change, and are death on a sensation. We have had any amount of calls from inventors with all kinds of instruments, but none succeeded in awakening our senses as the audiphone. Every new visitor is looked upon as an inventor of a hearing instrument by the small pupils.

Recently a gentleman exhibited in our chapel a model of Washington's home at Mount Vernon; when the pupils were told they might pass around to examine it, one innocently asked if she would have to place it against her teeth or forehead as she did with what the gentleman had in the parlor.

At another time, while an exhibition of some wonderful top spinning took place in chapel, the spinner placed one on his head and we were asked if it was by means of that instrument he heard.

On the 20th ult., Miss E. Hutcheson was called away from school to her home in Pittsburg to attend her sick mother, who has since died.

Her necessitated absence from us was regretted by the Society of which she was a member. Many farewell tokens were presented to her by the girls, who miss her much now.

One of our latest visitors was Mr. McGann, a young gentleman of Atlantic City, formerly of Canada, who has had no connection with deaf-mute schools other than that his father was a teacher in the Ontario Institution, and rarely ever sees a mute where he resides, yet uses signs such as we use here with the vivacity of a mute educated to the sign-language.

Some one has asked us why we don't read poetry and quote it like "Mignon." We do read, but don't feel inclined to quote till some one awakens a sensation in our hearts. Wait till vacation, won't you?

Your correspondent was an eye witness of the following little scene not long since in the sewing room:

Willful blonde was making some gay bows, while our very dark-eyed artist was sewing quietly; but thinking her taste should have been consulted, remarked to another Blonde could see her: "Pale pink and blue are very becoming to babies, but I hate to see baby faced grown up girls array themselves in such colors."

Blonde.—"Pale pink and blue are very poetical, however, I prefer green and yellow for brunettes."

Artist.—"I'm an artist and guess I know."

B.—"Oh! are you? then you advise deep red, old gold, and black for blondes?

A.—"I didn't say that; besides I can't see why you always keep laughing if any one kindly passes a remark for your own good; you should take such matters seriously."

B.—(Seriously.) "Well you see I was born to be an *editor* and to have everybody find fault with me, so I am obliged to take the world easy as it comes."

Both then resumed their work in silence.

BELLA L——

Manhattan Literary Association.

At the meeting of the Association on the 6th, there was a very small attendance, although the evening was to be devoted to a debate. After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and passed, Mr. Farley asked permission to say a few words in connection with the Excursion, He said that the bar privilege had been sold, and $5 received as a deposit. Mr. Klingman's father had been engaged to furnish the music (five pieces) for $20. Next he asked that the Committee be given full power to mark and number the tickets. This was accorded to him.

Mr. B. Clark, the Secretary, asked that he be reimbursed for expenses incurred in the service of the Association. He was about to read a list of the expenses incurred when Mr. Farley interrupted him, and moved that $1 be given to him and the reading of the expenses deferred to some future time. This, with scarcely any opposition, was passed. The debate was on the question, "Is it good policy to oppose the nomination or election of Gen. Grant to the presidency of the United States for a third term." The debators appointed to take the two sides of the question were as follows; Messrs. T. Godfrey, Charles O'Brien in the affirmative, and Messrs. Fitzgerald and J. P. Ijams in the negative. Mr. Fitzgerald declined to take part in the debate on the ground that he has an employee of the Government, and that Hays Civil Service Reform Measure would not allow it. The President accordingly excused him. Before the debate proceeded the President gave notice to the non-members that they should stop their talking, or if they persisted in it he would order them out of the room. He also said that if they wished to leave their seats, they should first ask permission of him. He then gave a few words of advice to the debators about the way they should proceed and, cautioned them about adhering to the objective point and to avoid repeating.

Mr. Godfrey was the first to open the ball, and this he did in a way that was a caution to third termers. Mr. B. Clark replied with equal fervor. Mr. Cornelius, in the absence of O'Brien supported Mr. Godfrey, but he lacked the experience of a debator, and therefore could not do much against the supporters of a third term. Mr. Ijams dwelt upon Grant's services to the country, first as a soldier and then as its President, and tried his best to show Grant's fitness for the White House. Each of the debators were allowed two turns, and then volunteers were called for. Messrs. Ballin and Ekartd came forward in the affirmative, and Messrs. Wilkinson and Farley in the negative. One thing about the debate that was noticed, is that all the supporters of the affirmative side had hardly any beard, while those of the other side were the reverse.

Just before a vote was taken, a large number of those who were present left the room, evidently wishing to keep their opinions till election day. Only 15 votes were recorded, and of these the Affirmative side secured 7, and the Negative 8. The meeting then adjourned.

We wish to here state in answer to a subscriber of the JOURNAL who wants to know why it is that the Association had not been giving public debates for a long time. For the past few years, corruption had taken possesion of the Association, and on the occasion of several of the best educated and refined mutes of the city they set about to clean it out. They found it was more than they had bargained for as they had one of the shrewdest knaves to overthrow. After a trial lasting three months, he was finally expelled from the Association of which he had been Secretary. A demand was made upon him for the surrender of the books, papers and stationery, belonging to the Association. This he refused point blank to do, averring that he had been expelled without a full opportunity to be heard in his defence.

Measures were taken to compel him to surrender them, and the services of a lawyer secured. How the case is progressing is not generally known, but it is believed it will turn out all right, as the Association has full confidence in the ability of the three members of the committee who were appointed to represent them.

When this had been accomplished, we found that we had to make arrangements for holding our annual excursion, and therefore all other things had to be dropped. This alone demanded several meetings to bring it to a satisfactory standpoint. It was not until last week that we could have a regular debate, the result of which has been given above. As to the question whether the Association was a proper place for ladies, respectable people had better come and judge for themselves and not try and come to a conclusion without any facts before them.

The presence of ladies is much wanted, and the reason they do not put in an appearance is not generally known. If they will only come they may expect the best of treatment and all the opinions formed in advance blown to the winds. A chance for them to try us may be had on the 20th of May, when Mr. George Farley will deliver a lecture. What his subject will be is not made public, but as he is known to be a well educated gentleman, being the holder of a gold medal presented to the best graduate of the New York Institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb at the end of his term, it is expected he will give us a rare treat. Come one, come all and we hope that you will come every time, especially the ladies.

EAGLE FEATHER.

Gotham Gossip.

Rev. Father Costin, of the Fordham Institution, holds fatherly talks with mutes of the Catholic persuasion in one of the class rooms of St. Francis Xavier's College, in 16th Street, near Sixth avenue, every second Sunday. Last Sunday, a Sunday school was organized, twenty-two mutes expressing the desire to become members. There are many Catholic mutes in New York and vicinity who are not aware of the fact that something is being done for their moral welfare, and we would advice them all to attend.

The resolutions offered by Dr. Peet before the Building Fund Committee, and the JOURNAL criticisms thereon are creating quite a sensation here. Would it not be a good idea for the Empire State, Manhattan Literary and Troy Literary Societies to get up excursions, balls, entertainments, etc., for that laudable object? Quite a handsome sum could be realized in that way. *Utile dulci.*

The late assistant foreman of the New York Institution printing office, George Farley, is back again at his old place in the Tract House.

Tickets for the Fourth Annual excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association, to Oriental Grove on Long Island, on Tuesday, July 13th, are out. This promises to be the best affair that has yet taken place, as the committee have spared neither time labor nor expenses to make it such. Those who attend may be sure of kind and courteous treatment from the hands of the Committee, and a rare day's sport.

Mr. Greer, of Tarrytown, who was for some weeks working in the shoe factory with Charles O'Brien in Dey Street, this city, has returned to Tarrytown, his old employer offering him several inducements to do so, and after mature reflection, he decided to return. We are sorry his stay among us could not be prolonged, as he is a right "jolly, good fellow."

Would you believe it, Dolph Ekartd —"Beau Dolph"—is sporting a cane! Stove pipe tile next.

MIC-A-WIBER.

Boston Notes.

A large and joyous party of deaf-mutes assembled at the house of Mrs. Wise, of Cambridge, in honor of the mother of Miss Bartholomew, who was going home in a short time. As Miss Wise knows how to make things pleasant at a party, a good time was had, and the party broke up at a late hour. Among those present, may be mentioned Geo. A. Holmes, Hargrave, Krause, Wellington, on the side of the gentlemen, and Miss Homer, Mrs. Barnard and her two daughters, Misses Flagg, Carroll and Robinson, on the side of the ladies. An amusing episode occurred in the course of the evening which I would mention, were it not for fear of the pointed arrows of "Mignon," which she slings right and left.

On Wednesday evening of last week, Miss Bartholomew delivered a story in a very interesting manner to an appreciative audience, who paid her the compliment of an hour's close attention. Some of you exclaim: "A woman on the platform! how manly and generous the Boston gents are to give equal rights to the ladies." Come to Boston, all ye fair ones, who are suffering from the snobbery of turn-up-nose students and are pining for full rights. Come "Deaf and Dumb girl" and "Minnehaha," Come "Mignon," come "Hieronyma."

The house into which Mr. Holmes has recently moved as noticed by one of your correspondents, is a neat, cosy home, which any young unmarried lady might well wish to share with him. All the time he can spare from his labors at the desk, he devotes to the pleasing task of making his home bloom like a garden. In all needed repairs about the place, he employs a deaf-mute workman, Albert C. Hargrave, who is now a boss carpenter. Mr. Holmes is one of Boston's most enterprising deaf-mutes, to whose energy and perseverance the Deaf-Mute Society owes for what it is to day. He is always devising some plan or other for its benefit, and he has just now conceived of a grand affair, the details of which will be announced in due time. The sagacious face of Mr. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, was seen at last Sunday's service. Whenever you see Messrs. Holmes and Tillinghast together *tete-a-tete*, you may be sure there is some plan afoot for the benefit of deaf-mutes.

Mr. Frank C. Davis, who was united in marriage to Miss Coffin, of Newburyport, is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, with the degree of Bachelor of Science. He has won an enviable reputation for sobriety, intelligence and good sense, among those who know him. Why does not Deaf and Dumb Girl send her congratulations to this turn-up-nose student who has married a deaf and dumb girl? Every one seems to consider the match an extremely suitable one; each party was fit for the other, as far as age and respectability go. I will not say that they are equal as far as an education goes, for the one had the benefit of a collegiate education and the other had not, but the bride is more intelligent than the average deaf-mute lady. They have gone to the College on a wedding tour, Mr. Davis wants to take a last book at his *Alma Mater* before settling down in life. It is more than probable that they will make Boston their permanent home. That they may be happy in their married life, is the wish of their many friends. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, mostly of silver and the most noticeable of the gifts was an elegant silver service from the wife of the Mayor of Newburyport.

JOSEPHINE.

OHIO NEWS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The JOURNAL still comes to me regularly and always filled with items of interest from every State, and it gives me much pleasure in reading it.

I now send you a new subscriber. The name is Miss Elizabeth Romoser. She heard the JOURNAL was a first rate deaf-mute paper, so she decided to subscribe for it, and enclosed you will find the money. Several more have partly promised to subscribe for it.

There were four deaf-mute communicants at the St. Paul Episcopal Church, Sunday morning, May 2d. They were Misses Fannie Clingle and Caroline Jenner, Mr. Samuel Clingle and the writer.

Elizabeth Romoser, of Prospect, Marion Co., has been in town on a visit, and left for her home Sunday afternoon, May 2d. Prospect is about ten miles south of this town, and a flourishing village.

Burt G. Kingsley, a semi-mute, has been appointed Librarian of the St. Paul Episcopal Sunday School, and he likes it very much.

In one of your late issues I saw the announcement of the death of Prof. George L. Brockett. He was once my articulation teacher in Michigan, and I thought a great deal of him.

I also read of the death of Mrs. Charlotte A. Babbitt. They were both my friends.

The Ohio *Spy* said that the National Deaf-Mute Convention will take place at Cincinnati, August 25th, 1880. Is Felix correct? Suppose his opinion is correct, the deaf-mutes in New York City, Boston, Washington, D. C., Augusta, San Francisco, Sacramento, Denver, etc., would have to spend over a hundred dollars just to *look in the faces* of other deaf-mutes, and it seems to me a great waste of time and money. "Time is money."

I close, hoping this will be of interest to all who read it.

CHIEF WEATHERBOARD.

Massachusetts Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please permit me to insert a few lines in your valuable paper about my visit to Boston.

Sunday, April 25th, I went to Boston hoping to hear Mr. G. D. Abbott, of the *Silent People*, address the deaf-mutes, but was disappointed in not seeing him. Mr. Lynde delivered a very interesting and instructive sermon on "Urgent Invitation" to Christ. More than 60 mutes were present and seemed to be very attentive during the service. In the afternoon they had a conference of christians. I was not present. I noticed some of them came from distant places. Among them were Messrs. Tillinghast of New Bedford, I. N. Soper, of Lowell, and Henry White, of Washington, D. C. They are gentlemen of fine qualities and intelligence I enjoyed talking with them very much.

I spent the afternoon very pleasantly, and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. George Homer. They are very nice and intelligent people. Mr. Frisbee called on us for a short time. He is a very fine and pleasant gentleman. Mr. Henry White gave a very interesting and instructive lecture to the mutes last Wednesday evening, the 5th. I regretted I was not present.

Last Saturday, the 1st, Rev. Samuel Rowe, preached to the Boston Society of the Deaf Mutes and baptized a mute, I could not learn the name.

On the same evening, I went to Worcester, and received a welcome reception from Mr. Henry M. Howe, and his beloved mother and I enjoyed their hospitalities very much during the Sunday. We were very much disappointed that a severe rain storm in the forenoon prevented Mr. J. O. Sanger, of Westboro, coming to address us. He comes every Sunday morning, the weather permitting. He is a great Bible student, and a gentleman of intelligence. I spent the part of the afternoon with Mrs. E. Denny, a deaf-mute lady, and enjoyed myself very much. In the evening Mr. Stanton Wheeler, a young deaf-mute, made us a very enjoyable call. He is a gentleman of amiable disposition and intelligence. He was at the National Deaf Mute College in Washington, D. C., two years. He is at work in Moore & Washburn's immense wire factory. Mr. William H. Green is at work with him in the same shop. He is a very good and kind gentleman and gives employment to the mutes who come to him for help. Mr. Knight drives an ice cart around the city. Mrs. Denny is at home and is a lady of excellent qualities and kindness, and is much beloved by all who know her.

Mr. Henry M. Howe is a gentleman of amiable disposition and great kindness and intelligence, and works in a boot and shoe manufactory. I shall always remember him and his mother for their great kindness to me during my visit. May the Lord bless them. Mr. Howe's brother works in a pianoforte factory, I regretted I did not see him.

I have great pleasure in reading the *Silent People* by Mr. G. D. Abbott, and I should think it is a *very ably edited* paper and wish it great abundance of success, and predict it will equal the JOURNAL before a great while. Mesrss. Abbott and Williams are gentlemen of great *intelligence* and *energy*.

Mr. David White, agent for the Boston Society of Deaf-Mutes was in town to see me a few hours and returned home. I am anticipating a delightful visit from Rev. Job. Turner when he comes North. I have always enjoyed his visit to me. He is a very fine and intelligent old gentleman. May the Lord bless him.

A. F. O.

Denver Notes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your excellent paper is always on hand. Allow me to have room in your paper for my letter.

The Livingstone lode at Sugar Loaf, near Boulder, Colorado, is running, and about eight men are employed sinking the main shaft which is now about 100 feet. Several hundred dollars have been taken out of this property since November. Mr. R. D. Livingstone arriving in Colorado last October, was almost a penniless fellow. Now he is a prosperous man, and he keeps courage in buying mines and stocks, and he hopes to become a Bonanza king before long. I wish him success. He sent another grubstaker to Breckenridge, to prospect in mines the other day. He furnished him with clothes, food and implements. He seems to take no notice about the Boston deaf-mutes maliciously attacking him. He is in Buena Vista attending to his business. Mr. James Cary took his departure for the mountain yesterday morning. It was reported that six deaf-mutes from the East arrived in Denver recently and could not get work. They seem discouraged and they may return East in a few days.

Mr. Livingstone expects to be present at the Exhibition at the school for Deaf-mutes, in Colorado Springs, on the 11th of May.

I have been disappointed in not seeing any mutes from Maryland, because I had lived in Baltimore for years, and also in Kansas for a short time. I hope that somebody will come to Colorado from Maryland. Let me say that many people are out of work in Leadville, and still they are crowding into the City. There is a wonderful tide of emigration towards Leadville and the Gunnison. Probably I will go to the Gunnison next fall.

MICHAEL COYNE.

DENVER, COL., May 2, 1880.

For the JOURNAL.

The Bitter Sweet.

Le Rveeur.

The day looked forth to rolled around
In flowery month of May,
For one his dear to meet is bound
On Presentation day.

At last was Lizzie by his side,
With thoughts all know so well
Who blushing like a happy bride,
Says "please my fortune tell."

"Then close your eyes," says Samuel S.,
"And for a lover fish,
And may the gods your beauty bless
And give you what you wish."

Then when to her, as if asleep,
All things were out of sight,
Quite suddenly in silence deep
The fish began to bite.

For Lizzie felt his downy lip,
And then her color rose;
With flashing eye she bade him skip,
As friendship then must close.

But Samuel dropped upon his knees,
In supplicating woe,
And says: "Forgive, oh, will you, please,
Before I from you go?"

So Lizzie turned aside to blush,
For she could not refrain,
And says: "O Sammie, pray, do hush,
And make me mad again!"

Then Samuel drew her to his heart,
And by her "little hand,"
He vowed he'd never from her part
But always by her stand.

And in the harness while so young
If she would but him wed—
"Get up!" yells chum, "the bell has rung,
And here you're still in bed!!!"

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10, 1880.

Letter from "Junius."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As there does not seem to be the slightest doubt in the minds of all respectable deaf-mutes in regard to Dr. Gallaudet's honesty, and as the charges against him which had been published and circulated for a year, have been at length met and fully answered, why in the name of common sense and common decency was not the whole matter dropped then and there? This sort of warfare against a good name when it does not end in the courts, cannot but injure the whole class. By the action of one reckless individual, we are brought into disrepute with the public. It does seem as if the Brooklyn sheet makes a living by attacking a good name, and which of you support it? Let that question be answered by each one's own conscience. If the *Leader* were a sheet like the JOURNAL or the *Silent People*, devoted merely to the circulation of news and a paper of and for the deaf and dumb, instead of being what it in reality is—a personal organ published solely for the purpose of defaming a fair character, as the tone of its first numbers clearly shows—I would be the last person in the world to discourage it. The best friends of the *Leader* have often regretted that the young editor did not use his talents (for he is not without talents) to a better purpose, and thus reflect some credit on his class. Among those friends, I might name Dr. Gallaudet himself, for so he spoke of Mr. Bond in a conversation that I once had with him. The Doctor never spoke otherwise than kindly and regretfully of the course which his young friend was pursuing. Mr. Bond, himself, cannot deny that he had received many letters from those who wished his paper a success, advising him to be more moderate in his tone or else let the Doctor alone and give more space and attention to news of the deaf and dumb; but to one and all he has turned a deaf ear, replying that he was determined to see the whole thing through. He has pushed the thing far enough; Dr. Gallaudet has made an explanation, and there remains nothing more to be done. Both parties have had their say, and the case has been brought to the tribunal of public opinion. Mr. Bond has attained his object in bringing the matter to the attention of the deaf-mute community. He considered it as his duty, and that duty done, there surely must the matter end. Will Mr. Bond extend the band of reconciliation to Dr. Gallaudet, who, I am sure, is ready to accept it at any time?

JUNIUS.

Reply to "Independent."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—"Independent" took the liberty in hot haste to give an account of a little party given by the Y. L. L. Society of this school in which she claims to be one of the members. The writer of that article has nothing whatever to do with our society nor was she among the invited guests; wherever she may claim to have received her information we do not care to know, but from pure malice we know that article to have been written. She may hope to become a member, but never will while its present members have the power to prevent it. *Those who do not respect cannot be respected.*

MEMBERS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7, 1880.

Mr. Frisbee Accepts.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having seen a challenge from M. J. Smith, of the Vulcan Steel works, offering to match himself against me for a 5 mile race, square heel and toe, allowing me a start of ¼ of a mile for any sum I may name, Now I, the undersigned, do hereby accept his challenge to walk me, said race for $250 a side, and no less. If he will make the race, he can do so by leaving a forfeit of $50 with the JOURNAL and it will be covered before the 25th of this month.

Yours truly,

EDWIN W. FRISBEE.

Boston Athletic Club.

BOSTON, May 10, 1880.

Letter From Rev. Job Turner.

CAVE SPRING, GA., May 7, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I am happy again to give you several incidents of my flying visit from Baton Rogue to this pleasant place, through New Orleans, Mobile, Greenville, Ala., Montgomery, Calera, Talladega, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Dalton and Rome, to which you may attribute my long silence.

After a very pleasant sojourn of about two days, I bade adieu to Baton Rouge, La., which will make a more charming place when the capitol, which was burnt by the enemy during the last war, is rebuilt at a cost of $100,000, as I am informed. The Legislature now in session, has passed a bill appropriating that amount for the rebuilding of the State House.

After reaching New Orleans, I attended to a little business, made calls and wrote letters, etc., in about three hours. It was so very warm weather that I was in such profuse perspiration that I was glad to leave the Crescent City.

While I was in Mobile, I found an uneducated little deaf-mute boy, whom I have reported to the principal of the Alabama Institution.

I stopped over at Greenville, Ala., to make inquiries about James M. Waterson's widow and children, at the request of Mrs. John Benedict. Several of the most respectable citizens cheerfully assisted me in inquiring about them, but at last, they told me they could not find out any thing, which caused me to start for Montgomery the same night, much fatigued after a very long search.

I would have been glad to hold service in St. John's Church, Montgomery, Ala., but the church was engaged for the Bishop of the diocese of Alabama, so that I could not use it. Therefore I determined to go on to Calera and thence to Talladega.

Mr. William Sherman, one of the teachers, met me and escorted me to the Institution in his own buggy. I found every thing about the Institution very charming. They are *now building* a very fine school house and expect to complete it before Fall. They will have a well arranged chapel in it. Dr. Johnson, the Principal, is much respected all over the State of Alabama, as a gentleman and citizen. The deaf-mute teachers are Messrs. Johnson and Hope and Miss Toney.

Allow me to give you a little history of the Institution. Governor Winston long ago employed James W. Waterson, a graduate of the New York Institution to teach a class of deaf-mutes at Robinson's Springs, nine miles from Montgomery, but afterwards he removed him, and appointed Dr. Johnson. Mr. Waterson married a deaf-mute, and afterwards became a market gardener, in which buisness he was engaged several years. He died somewhere in Alabama, probably at Montgomery. I am still trying to find out his widow's whereabouts, which I hope to succeed in doing, before long. Let us drop the subject for the present.

After bidding adieu to Talladega, I resumed my journey to Birmingham, Ala., to attend the Annual Episcopal Convention, where I found a good number of delegates, among whom I noticed the Rev. Dr. Horace Springfellow, the tallest gentleman in the council, once rector of one of the Episcopal churches in Indianapolis, and well acquainted with Prof. Vail, of that place.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Wilmer introduced this writer to the clergy and laity, and then invited him to take a seat in the convention, to which they all agreed.

Let me tell a little anecdote about him. A deaf-mute gentleman whose name I would feel too delicate to use, presented him with a nice fresh cow and calf, before he was made Bishop of the Diocese of Alabama.

Before the adjournment of the convention, I was obliged to take leave of the Bishop and the others, because I had an appointment which I made in Knoxville, Tenn., *on time.* I am very thankful that I received so very kind a welcome from Supt. Ijams and his assistants, and that I made a most pleasant home with them, which I shall not soon forgot.

They have a new and fine chapel, which they have built, since Dr. Gallaudet and this writer were there last winter. No Institution enjoys more beautiful mountain scenery than the Tennessee Institution. I must say that I have visited thirty-one deaf-mute schools. I need not say that I feel proud to have gathered much valuable information about their systems of teaching, etc. I would venture to say, not from vanity, that I should make a more efficient teacher, if I were to teach once more, but as I have dedicated the balance of my life to the service of the Lord, I think I will stick to it as long as my strength lasts. The deaf-mute instructors are Messrs. Houghton and Barnum, and the speaking, Messrs. Moses and Hommeil. Misses Clark and Hill, both fine deaf-mute ladies, are employed as temporary teachers, on trial. The pupils speak very affectionately of Supt. Ijams, I am told.

The total number of pupils in the Tennessee Institution is about 103, the males being 60 and the females, 43.

After a homelike stay of three days, I took leave of Supt. Ijams, his assistants and pupils, and went to Chattanooga, Tenn., to get a look at Lookout Mountain, of which you must have read so much during the late war. Before it is presented one of the most beautiful panoramas that I ever knew of. From its summit can be seen Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina on a clear day. The mountain is 800 feet high from its base. I would say more about it if I could find time. I left Chattanooga for Dalton, Ga., in the same evening.

I stopped over at the latter place for the night. The proprieter of my hotel surprised me by telling me that he and his wife had often attended St. Ann's Church in New York City. He told me that Gen. Joe. E. Johnson held Gen. Sherman so long, and that the mountain ridge three miles north of the place is where most of the hard fighting was done.

I reached here yesterday morning, have been enjoying a very quiet home with Supt. Connor and his officers. This Institution has a very beautiful paradise before it. I shall leave here for Atlanta, Ga., this afternoon.

The total number of pupils is sixty-three.

Mr. James Fisher, whom many of your subscribers know, is still in the land of the living. He is still teaching at the Institution.

Mr. Samuel M. Freeman, is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, is making a promising teacher in this school. The deaf-mute teachers are Messrs. Fisher and Freeman and Miss Poscy and the only speaking teacher is Mr. James S. Davis.

It may be interesting to his many friends to know that Joseph B. Edwards, formerly an inmate of the American Asylum and once a teacher here, died in Crawford, Ga., not very long ago, leaving his deaf-mute wife and four children two of whom were unfortunate like their parents. I am informed that one of his speaking daughters breathed her last some months ago. His widow is believed to have expired at the Insane Asylum in Milledegville, Ga.

I must not omit to say something about O. P. Fannin, formerly principal of this Institution is either practising law, or living on a farm in West Florida.

For the information of Mr. Thomas Brown. I have at last, heard something about his old friend Philip H. Neilson, of Warm Springs, N. C. Mr. Neilson moved to Strawberry Plains sixteen miles east of Knoxville, some years before the war, because he was cheated out of some property, I am told.

Mr. O. W. Barnum, one of the teachers in the Knoxville, Deaf-Mute School, told me that he often visited Mr. Neilson at the plains and played with his seven sons and one daughter, all of whom are blessed with all their faculties in perfection. What has become of Mr. Neilson since the war is unknown. Some one has told me that they moved to Texas, but I have written to the post master of Strawberry Plains requesting him to tell me about them. I may know the result on my arrival at Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Fisher will accompany me to Atlanta, Ga., this afternoon to visit her friends for a few weeks.

Superintendent Connor, and his assistants have done what they could to make my stay pleasant. I go to Atlanta this afternoon.

Hastily and Sincerely Yours

JOB TURNER.

Athletic Games.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—The Manhattan Literary Association will have a picnic at Oriental Grove on the 13th of July next; I think that the Oriental Grove is a good place for Athletic games and would like to see a contest for the mute amateur Championship of America in the following events: 100 yds, 440 yds, ½ mile run, 1 and 3 mile walks, running broad jump, putting the shot, and tug of war.

There are many fine mute athletes in the principal cities of the United States who may enter the games if the association will hold them. I hope the association will answer through the JOURNAL.

ALEX DEZENDORF,
American Athletic Club.

BROOKLYN, May 10, 1880.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Almost every one has something to say about our beautiful April weather, which to the satisfaction of all, has gone to come in another year. The sky is no longer overcast with clouds, and the rain does not fall as usual. Umbrellas have been put away, only to be taken out again, to shade their owners from the scorching rays of old "Sol," in the months to come, or when the rain falls unlike in April.

Every thing is progressing well here. The sanitary condition of the institution is excellent, there being no cases of sickness, except ear gathering among one or two of the boys, and none are confined to the "Krankenzimmer."

The delight of all—vacation—is eagerly looked forward to by every one, and all anticipate a jovial time at home during the summer months, and the numerous excursions and picnics they intend to participate in, are often the subject of an animated conversation among them. They tell each other of the good times they had last year, and hope to have as good this year, while those who have to remain in the city all the summer, grumble at their lot.

The "Student Literary Union" held its meeting last Monday evening, President Bailey occupied the chair. Sec'y Nuber recorded. After the minutes were read, two new members were admitted, J. F. Fresch and C. J. Le Clercif. The former had been a pupil at the Inst. at one time, and also in one of the Institutions in Canada, at another time. The latter is a day pupil of this Inst. After the business of the evening had been through the debating began. The subject that was handled was:—"Is it necessary for a Deaf-Mute to learn a trade while in school." The principle debators were as follows: Aff., H. Samuels and J. F. Fresch. Neg., F. W. Nuber and T. F. Driscoll. It was vigorously contested on both sides and took up all the evening, and when it was put to vote was found that only 3 were in favor of Aff. and 8 for Neg.

In the last number of the JOURNAL, "We Us and Co." reminded your correspondent from the Inst. as well as "Mignon," "Mike" and several others, of the fact that this is leap-year and that we render ourselves liable to a proposal from "Deaf and Dumb Girl." I have not forgotten that this is leap-year nor do I care if it was "stand-year." Deaf and Dumb Girl" liable to propose to "Mignon!" who ever heard of a lady proposing to a lady? Oh! we see how it is. "We, Us & Co." is not the *nom de plume* of one person but of several who cannot see that "Mignon" is a lady trying to let the "deaf-mute world" think that she is of the "sterner sex" by using slang phrases. She has more brains than the members of the firm of "We, Us & Co.," and that is the reason that they want *her* to give them *her* real name and address in order to get her scalp. They seem to think that the Knights of Chivalry are all gone, but they will find that they are mistaken. What would "Mike's" "darling Honeyanyway" say if "Deaf and Dumb Girl" should propose to him. Perhaps she would think of "Deaf and Dumb Girl" as she does of those "awful Students" at the "degree factory" at Washington, D. C. Would she not?

We have a mitten on our table, and if "Deaf and Dumb Girl" proposes perhaps she may capture it. This is all nonsense, and we advise "We, Us and Co." to turn their thoughts on some other subject the next time they write to the JOURNAL.

They also say that they are going to reform some of the "Deaf-Mute Papers," but I think that the papers will reform them.

ARCHIMEDES.

May 8, 1880.

SILENT SHOW.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE STATE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE—THE STUDENTS IN PANTOMIME—AID FROM THE AUDIPHONE

[*From the Omaha Herald*]

The spacious auditorium of the Baptist church was filled last evening with an audience of our best citizens, drawn together to witness the first public entertainment given by the State Deaf and Dumb Institute.

Principal Gillespie conducted the entertainment, making a running translation, when necessary of the sign language of the students. The pieces were mainly in pantomime, and the little people, whose only language it is, manifested an aptness of expression which would have done credit to Fox or Grimaldi.

The curtains parted first to show The Model School," over which Miss Maggie Cody was teacher. Next was the parable of "The Prodigal Son," Mr. John Buckley personating the father, Master Newton Stafford the elder son, and Masted Thos. Forney the prodigal. Miss Rosa Brouhard appeared as "The Flour of the Family" and was recalled. "Pocahontas" was given with fine costumes, Mr. Reid enacting the part of Capt. Smith, Miss Collins that of the Indian maiden, and Mr. Buckley that of Powhatan. "Tricks of the trade" was a laughable pantomime in which Misses Lizzie Smith and Maggie Cody participated. "Temptation" was an interesting piece, Mrs. Reid personating the subject, Miss Toner the angel, and Master Dickinson the devil. Another moral pantomime, contrasting "Temperance and Intemperance," followed. Then Miss Mamie Parker, representing "Mother Goose," introduced several *tableaux vivant* "The Issues of the Day" was a popular political tableaux. The story of David and Goliath was told in a pantomimie representing the battle between the Israelites and the Philistines. Master George McDonald personated David, and Mr. Reid, Goliath. A singularly beautiful pantomime was that of the "Ten Virgins," who appeared in white. Two scenes were shown, accompanied by exquisite singing—first "Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh," and the second, "Too Late! Ye Cannot Enter Now."

The singers were Messrs Northrop, Wilkins, and France, of the Mendelssohn quartette. Solos were also sung in the earlier part of the programme by Mr. Northrop, who readered "None Ver," and Mr. Wilkins, whose song was "The Monks of Old."

Absorbingly interesting were the illustrations of the use of the audiphone. The instruments, which consist of a sheet of gutta percha in the shape of a fan, were placed in the hands of a class of twelve chosen from the sixty-five pupils in the institute.

They had four or five weeks experience with the instruments. Only one or two of the class had ever spoken, and consequently they brought into use not only their auditory nerves but also their organs of speech. Principal Gillespie exercised them upon sounds, words and singing, which showed that the audiphone may be a long way toward supplying the faculties of which the deaf-mutes are otherwise deprived.

The entertainment closed with the recitation of the "Lord's Prayer" in sign language by the class, while the members of the quartette chanted the words.

Principal and Mrs. Gillespie and the staff of teachers are to be congratulated upon the success of their undertaking.

A Horseshoe for Luck.

The horseshoe, now all the rage as an ornament, and affected by men and women alike, has long been considered a token of good luck, especially by sailors. Few sailors would start on a voyage in a ship on which the potency of the horseshoe is not acknowledged. It must be kept in some conspicuous place as a sign of good luck. On western steamboats not a deckhand could be induced to engage himself to a steamer that did not have a partly worn horseshoe nailed on the companion-way of the bow. Very often they are placed near the figure-head, at the stem of the bow. How long this superstition has prevailed it would be impossible to tell. It is by no means of recent origin. Horseshoe and conjurers have long been allies. To find a whole horseshoe in the road that has been cast from the animal and still retains five of the nails in it, is considered a remarkable token of good luck. But should any one find a horseshoe with all the nails in it, he may consider himself endowed with wonderful powers of magic. This conceit no doubt has its origin in the fact that it is almost impossible for a horse to cast a shoe while all the nails are intact. There lived a man in Shenandoah county, Virginia, who claimed to have found such a horseshoe. His name was Conrad Gerst. He was a German with little education, but was considerable of a knave. He professed to be able to work wonders, and was believed by many people to possess certain powerful conjuring powers. Gerst was a shoemaker, and very poor, for he was too lazy to work, and had a large family of children. He could heal the sick, recover stolen articles, cure diseased cattle, find underground streams of running water, make the butter come for the dairy women, and drive off witches. A woman churned all day over a churning of cream, but the butter would not come. She sent for Gerst. He told her to get an old horseshoe, heat it red hot and cast it into the churn. Then after cleansing the churn with boiling water, he guaranteed that the butter would come at the next effort. And more, if the woman enquire carefully among her neighbors she would discover that some one of them (an enemy) would have a severe burn on some part of the body. There was plenty of people who believed in this. Another case; A widow lady living two miles from Gerst had a sum of money stolen from her. Instead of giving the matter into the hands of the authorities, she sent for Gerst. He inquired into the affair, and, after performing a number of incantations with a stick that he carried, and placing his horseshoe in the fire and cooling it in the spring, he announced confidently that on the morning of the second day thereafter the money would be found at a certain place, with some other valuable that had been lost. This conclusion of the conjuror was widely circulated, and the morning indicated quite a number of people assembled at the widow's house to see the prediction verified. The money was found at the place indicated. The solution was that the thief, whoever he was, believed in Gerst's pretended power, and returned the money out of fear. The superstition that imputes such virtues to the horseshoe gave birth to the prevailing idea that makes it an emblem of good luck.

Rhode Island Letter.

MR. EDITOR:—You can tell my classmate that I have had so much taffy lately, that I could not possibly stand any more. Was recently urged to try a bottle of hop bitters after having had an extra dose of sweets—*fact I was.* I am so completely satiated with sweets, I will be generous and go shares with "Geraldine," "Mignon" and "Deaf and Domb Girl," as they seem so very fond of that article, and a *little anxious.* And Oh! "Mignon," I received an invitation to Presentation Day a year or so ago when I had a friend at college, without *fishing for it.* Nothing like modesty, "Mignon." Can class-mate tell what has become of Lady Louisa? Inquired for her while in Boston but could not hear anything satisfactory.

MISS MCKAY.

RIVER POINT, May 8th, 1880.

Domestic Recipes.

PORK CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one of sugar, one of boiling water, one pound raisins, one-half pound of pork cut fine, one-half pound of currants, one spoonful of soda; spice to taste.

EGG SAUCE.—Boil two eggs in two minutes. Chop the whites, put them with the yolks, and chop together, but not very fine. Put in a quarter of a pound of nice butter melted, and pour them into a boat.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Put a teacupful of pearl barley into four quarts of cold water, let boil, add two onions, two turnips, two carrots cut in slices, and one carrot grated; boil slowly for three hours, and salt and pepper to taste before removing from fire.

LEMON CREAM.—Take a pint of thick sweet cream, and put into it the yolks of two eggs well beaten, four ounces of fine sugar, and thin rind of one lemon; boil it up; then stir it till almost cold; put the juice of a lemon in a dish or bowl, and pour the cream upon it stirring it till quite cold.

KING GEORGE'S PUDDING.—One pint of bread crumbs, half pint flour, teaspoonful of baking powder, sifted in flour, a little salt, half pound of raisins, a quarter of a pound currants, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, coffee cupful of milk, one egg; tied tightly in a bag and boiled three hours; to be eaten with hard sauce.

A French Jesse Pomeroy.

The Paris *Figaro* reports that the assize court of Aude has recently been occupied in trying a lad of 15 for the murder of a child 4 years of age. The crime was committed on Oct. 12, 1879. On the afternoon of that day the little Adrien Saucey, son of a railway officer, living at Quillan, (Aude,) left his father's house to go and play with some neighbor's children, and he never returned. Anxious at the nonappearance of the child, the parents caused a search to be instituted and inquiries to be made in all directions. The search was continued all the evening, through the night, and all the following day. At last, on Monday, Oct. 13, at night, a widow named Bosquet discovered the little shoe of the child in an outhouse close to her vineyard. The outhouse was at once examined by the police. Near the entrance, on the ground, were found large spots of blood, badly covered up with a layer of sulphur. The body of the murdered boy was found in a ditch close by, half hidden by vine branches. The corpse was naked except for the little socks; the face covered with blood and disfigured by great gaping wounds; the skull was broken, and the body had been horribly mutilated. Two peasants gave evidence which led to the discovery of the assassin. They had seen the child Adrien in company with an idiot brother, 7 years old, on Sunday evening about 5 o'clock. Another boy was talking to them, and this lad turned out to be Eugene Radoude, the son of a brakesman. Eugene at first strenuously denied having seen the two brothers Saucey, but eventually, after two women had positively stated that they recognized him as the lad they had seen with Adrien in his arms on the Sunday evening on a path leading to the outhouse, he made a confession of the crime. He stated that after walking a short distance with the brothers he sent the elder one home, and, taking the younger one in his arms, carried him into the hut. Here he threw the child violently on the ground, the head coming in contact with a large stone. Radoude then put his foot on the body of his young companion, and with a hatchet gave him successively four terrible blows on the face and head. He then removed the clothes and mutilated the body of the unfortunate little fellow in the most frightful manner. He next took a spade from the hut and commenced to dig a grave, but he did not make it very deep, being afraid of surprise. He placed the dead child in it, covered it with vine branches, and walked quietly back to Quillan. Radoude had long premeditated this crime, the motive for which is utterly unaccountable. He was examined by numerous doctors to see if he could be insane, but they found him to be quite responsible for his actions. Idle and vagabond, spending his days in robbing the surrounding farms, Radoude bore a bad name. He has been condemned to twelve years' imprisonment in a house of correction, being saved by his youth from capital punishment or penal servitude.

Josh Billings on Marriage.

By awl means Joe get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch rite in and stick your head under and shiver it out. Thar ain't any more trick in getting married than there is eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel; they have been all picked up long ago. Remember, Joe, you hain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awful slippery and thaws dreadful easy. Don't marry for luv, neither; luv is like a cooking-stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out. But let the mixture be some beauty, becomingly dressed, with about $250 in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; add to this sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate and will not evaporate. Don't marry for pedigree unless it is backed by bank notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

Postage Stamps.

The number of different kinds of been issued all over the world, in round postage stamps which have hitherto numbers, some one has figured out, is 6,000. Among them are to be found the effigies of five emperors, six princes, one princess and a great number of presidents, etc. Some of the stamps bear coats of arms and others emblems, as crowns, the papal keys and tiara, anchors, eagles, lions, horses, and stars, serpents, railway trains; horsemen, messengers, etc. The collection preserved in the museum of the Berlin post office included, on July 1, 1879, 4,498 specimens of different postage stamps. Of these, 2,462 were from Europe, 441 from Asia, 251 from Africa, 1,143 from America, and 201 from Australia.

—A State numerously inhabited, but not on the map—the State of suspense.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

—It was the man unable to keep the medicine on his stomach who complained of up pill work.—*Modern Argo.*

—Lord Anglessey's favorite amusement is coursing. Denis Kearney's is cursing. O! what a difference!—*Boston Transcript.*

In Canterbury Cathedral.

The next day I went again to the cathedral. The gloomy sky of the night had harbingered a heavy mass of clouds which were now descending in a copious but fine and gentle rain. The cathedral was deserted. Even the verger was not there. He was represented by his daughter, who stepped up to me, and asked with a little emphasis, "Would you like to see the cathedral *again*, sir?" I said Yes, of course; and she went with me to the gate of the choir, which she opened. All at once the wish arose to be there without even her attendance (there was not another person in sight), and I asked her if she could not let me go in by myself. She looked at me with sweet, steady blue eyes, and said, "I think I may let you go, sir." She shut the gate behind me. As I turned away I heard the key creak and the bolt shot. Then a great silence fell upon me; I walked slowly on until I stood before the high altar; and there I was alone in that dim magnificence.

I made little use of my liberty. I was not there to mouse among antiquities, or to study architecture. Details seemed petty to me enveloped in that vastness, and whelmed in the flood of those associations. I did not go to the Black Prince's tomb, and although I am no relic-monger, as I stood by it I longed to touch one of those gauntlets. But I soon wandered back to the great altar, and sat down upon the stairs. The day was dark, and notwithstanding the pale colour of the walls the vast space was filled with the dusk of twilight. I did not people this grand gloom with figures; and indeed I doubt if that is ever done by any one; but I did think, as on the day before I could not have thought, of all the much good and the little ill to me and mine of which that noble church was a sign and a witness. Here Chaucer's pilgrims came; but what was their pilgrimage to mine! They made a three or four days' journey to do, for their own profit, reverence to the crafty, ambitious churchman: I had come three thousand miles to stand upon the spot where my people was born to civilization and baptized into Christianity. But for what happened here and hard by I should have been, not a savage, indeed, nor a heathen, because the world has taken all men on in the course of thirteen hundred years, but something other than I am; and I fear not something better. For me there might have been no Alfred, no Chaucer, no Wickliffe, no Sidney, no Bacon, no Shakespeare, no Milton, no English Bible, no Bunyan, no *habeas corpus*, no bill of rights, no English laws; and what a man is, who does more than sleep and wear apparel out, depends hardly more upon the nature that he has inherited from his forefathers than upon what they did for him. A man is a result,—result of forces which were tending toward him centuries before he appeared; a result over which his own will and his own work have but a modifying influence. And, thus sitting alone in Christ Church at Canterbury, I felt that I was near what was for me, except as a mere animal, the beginning of all things,—certainly the beginning of all good things.—*Atlantic.*

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